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Victor Hugo

THINGS SEEN

(CHŒSES VUES)

BY

VICTOR HUGO

VOL. I.

WITH A PORTRAIT

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THINGS SEEN.

1838.

TALLEYRAND.

May 19th.

IN the Rue Saint-Florentin, there are a palace and a sewer.

The palace, which is of a rich, handsome and gloomy style of architecture, was long called: *Hôtel de l'Infantado*; now-a-days may be seen on the frontal of its principal doorway: Hotel Talleyrand. During the forty years that he resided in this street, the last tenant of this palace never, perhaps, cast his eyes upon this sewer.

He was a strange, redoubtable, and important personage; his name was Charles Maurice de Perigord; he was of noble descent like Machiavelli, a priest like Gondi, unfrocked like Fouché, witty like Voltaire, and lame like the devil. It might be averred that everything in him was lame like himself; the nobility which he had placed at the service of the Republic, the priesthood which he had dragged through the parade-ground then cast into the gutter, the marriage which he had broken off through

a score of exposures and a voluntary separation, the understanding which he disgraced by acts of baseness.

This man, nevertheless, had grandeur; the splendours of the two régimes were united in him: he was Prince de Vaux in the kingdom of France, and a Prince of the French Empire. During thirty years, from the interior of his palace, from the interior of his thoughts, he had almost controlled Europe. He had permitted himself to be on terms of familiarity with the Revolution, and had smiled upon it: ironically, it is true, but the Revolution had not perceived this. He had come in contact with, known, observed, penetrated, influenced, set in motion, fathomed, bantered, inspired all the men of his time, all the ideas of his time, and there had been moments in his life when, holding in his hand the four or five great threads which moved the civilized universe, he had, for his puppet Napoleon I., Emperor of the French, King of Italy, Protector of the Confederation of the Rhine, Mediator of the Swiss Confederation. That is the game which was played by this man.

After the Revolution of July, the old race, of which he was the high chamberlain, having fallen, he found himself once more on his feet, and said to the people of 1830, seated bare-armed upon a heap of paving-stones:—
Make me your ambassador!

He received the confession of Mirabeau, and the first confidence of Thiers. He said of himself that he was a great poet, and that he had composed a trilogy in three dynasties:—Act I., *the Empire of Bonaparte*; Act II., *the House of Bourbon*; Act III., *the House of Orleans*.

He did all this in his palace, and, in this palace, like a

spider in his web, he allured and caught in succession, heroes, thinkers, great men, conquerors, Kings, Princes, Emperors, Bonaparte, Sieyès, Madame de Staël, Chateaubriand, Benjamin Constant, Alexander of Russia, William of Prussia, Francis of Austria, Louis XVIII., Louis-Philippe, all the gilded and glittering flies who buzz through the history of the last forty years. All this glistening throng, fascinated by the penetrating eye of this man, passed in turn under that gloomy entrance bearing upon the architrave the inscription:—HOTEL TALLEYRAND.

Well, the day before yesterday, May 17th, 1838, this man died. Doctors came and embalmed the body. To do this, they, like the Egyptians, removed the bowels from the stomach, and the brain from the skull. The work done, after having transformed the Prince de Talleyrand into a mummy, and nailed down this mummy in a coffin lined with white satin, they retired, leaving upon a table the brain—that brain which had thought so many things, inspired so many men, erected so many buildings, led two revolutions, duped twenty kings, held the world. The doctors being gone, a servant entered; he saw what they had left: Hulloo! they have forgotten this. What was to be done with it? It occurred to him that there was a sewer in the street; he went there, and threw the brain into this sewer.

Finis rerum.

1839.

DIARY OF A PASSER-BY

DURING THE RIOT OF THE 12TH OF MAY.

SUNDAY, May 12th.

M. DE TOGORES has just left my house. We have been talking of Spain. To my mind, geographically since the formation of the continents, historically since the conquest of the Gauls, politically since the Duke d'Anjou, Spain forms an integral part of France. *Jose primero* is the same fact as *Felipe quinto*; the idea of Louis XIV. was continued by Napoleon. We cannot, therefore, without grave imprudence neglect Spain. In illness, she weighs upon us; well and strong, she supports us. It is one of our members; we cannot amputate it, it must be tended and cured. Civil war is a gangrene. Woe betide us if we let it grow worse, it will spread upon us. French blood is largely mixed with Spanish blood through Rousillon, Navarre, and Bearn. The Pyrenees are simply a ligature, efficacious only for a time.

M. de Togores was of my opinion. It was also, he said, the opinion of his uncle, the Duke de Frias, when he was President of the Council to Queen Christina.

We also spoke of Mdle. Rachel, whom he considered mediocre as Eriphila, and whom I had not yet seen.

At three o'clock, I return to my study.

My little daughter, in a state of excitement, opens my door and says: "Papa, do you know what is going on? There is fighting at the Pont Saint-Michel."

I do not believe a word of it. Fresh details. A cook in our house and the neighbouring wine-shop keeper have seen the occurrence. I ask the cock to come up. It is true; while passing along the Quai des Orfèvres, he saw a throng of young men firing musket-shots at the Prefecture of Police. A bullet struck the parapet near him. From there, the assailants ran to the Place du Châtelet and to the Hôtel-de-Ville, still firing. They set out from the *Morgue*, which the good fellow calls the *Morne*.

Poor young fools! In less than twenty-four hours, a large number of those who set out from there will have returned there.

Firing is heard. The houses are in turmoil. Doors and casements open and shut violently. The women-servants chat and laugh at the windows. It is said that the insurrection has spread to the Porte Saint-Martin. I go out and follow the line of the boulevards. The weather is fine. There are crowds of promenaders in their Sunday dress. Drums beat to arms.

At the beginning of the Rue du Pont-aux-Choux are some groups of people looking in the direction of the Rue de l'Oseille. There are a great crowd and a great uproar close to an old fountain which can be seen from the boulevard, and which forms the angle

of an open space in the old Rue du Temple. In the midst of this hubbub, three or four little tricoloured flags are seen to pass. Comments. It is perceived that these flags are simply the ornamentation of a little barrow in which some trifle or other is being hawked about.

At the beginning of the Rue des Filles-du-Calvaire, groups of people look in the same direction. Some workmen in blouses pass near to me. I hear one of them say: "What does that matter to me? I have neither wife, child, nor mistress."

Upon the Boulevard du Temple the *cafés* are closing. The Cirque Olympique is also closing. The Gaîté holds out, and will give a performance.

The crowd of promenaders becomes greater at each step. Many women and children. Three drummers of the National Guard—old soldiers, with solemn mien, pass by, beating to arms. The fountain of the Château d'Eau suddenly throws up its grand holiday streams. At the back, in the low-lying street, the great railings and doorway of the Town Hall of the 5th Arrondissement are closed one inside the other. I notice in the door little loopholes for muskets.

Nothing at the Porte Saint-Martin, but a large crowd peacefully moving about across regiments of infantry and cavalry stationed between the two gateways. The Porte Saint-Martin Theatre closes its box-office. The bills are being taken down on which I see the words *Marie Tudor*. The omnibuses are running.

Throughout this journey I have not heard any firing, but the crowd and vehicles make a great noise.

I return to the Marais. In the old Rue du Temple,

the women, in a state of excitement, gossip at the doorways. Here are the details: The riot spread throughout the neighbourhood. Towards three o'clock, two or three hundred young men, poorly armed, suddenly broke into the Town Hall of the 7th Arrondissement, disarmed the guard, and took the muskets. Thence, they ran to the Hôtel-de-Ville and performed the same freak. As they entered the guard-room they gaily embraced the officer. When they had the Hôtel-de-Ville, what was to be done with it? They went away and left it. If they had France, would they be less embarrassed with it than they were with the Hôtel-de-Ville? There are among them many boys, fourteen or fifteen years old. Some do not know how to load their muskets; others cannot carry them. One of those who fired in the Rue de Paradis fell upon his hind-quarters after the shot. Two drummers, killed at the head of their columns, are placed in the Royal Printing Establishment, of which the principal doorway is shut. At this moment, barricades are being made in the Rue des Quatre Fils, at the corner of all the little Rues de Bretagne, de Poitou, de Touraine, and there are groups of persons listening. A grenadier of the National Guard passes by in uniform, his musket upon his back, looking about him with an uneasy look. It is seven o'clock; from my balcony in the Place Royale platoon-firing is heard.

Eight p.m.—I follow the boulevards as far as the Madeleine. They are covered with troops. National Guards march at the head of all the patrols. The Sunday promenaders intermingle with all this infantry,

all this cavalry. At intervals, a cordon of soldiers quietly empty the 'crowd from one side of the boulevard to the other. There is a performance at the Vaudeville.

One a.m.—The boulevards are deserted. There remain only the regiments, who bivouac at short distances apart. Coming back, I passed through the little streets of the Marais. All is quiet and gloomy. The old Rue du Temple is as black as a furnace. The lanterns there have been smashed.

The Place Royale is a camp. There are four great fires before the Town Hall, round which the soldiers chat and laugh, seated upon their knapsacks. The flames carve a black silhouette of some and cast a glow upon the faces of the others. The green, fresh leaves of the spring trees rustle merrily above the braziers.

I had a letter to post. I took some precautions in the matter, for everything looks suspicious in the eyes of these worthy National Guards. I recollect that at the period of the riots of April, 1834, I passed by a guard-house of the National Guard with a volume of the works of the Duke de Saint-Simon. I was pointed out as a Saint-Simonian, and narrowly escaped being murdered.

Just as I was going indoors again, a squadron of hussars, held in reserve all day in the courtyard of the Town Hall, suddenly issued forth and filed past me at a gallop, going in the direction of the Rue Saint-Antoine. As I went upstairs, I heard the horses' footfalls retreating in the distance.

MONDAY, May 13th, 8 A.M.

Several companies of the National Guard have come and joined the line regiments encamped in the Place Royale.

A number of men in blouses walk about among the National Guard, observed and observing with an anxious look. An omnibus comes out upon the Rue du Pas-de-la-Mule. It is made to go back. Just now, my floor-polisher leaning upon his broom, said: "Whose side shall I be on?" He added a moment afterwards: "What a filthy government this is! I have thirty francs owing to me, and cannot get anything out of the people!"

The drums beat to arms.

I breakfast as I read the papers. M. Duffot arrives. He was yesterday at the Tuileries. It was at the Sunday reception; the King appeared fatigued—the Queen was low-spirited. Then he went for a walk about Paris. He saw in the Rue du Grand-Hurleur a man who had been killed—a workman, stretched upon the ground, in his Sunday clothing, his forehead pierced by a bullet. It was evening. By his side was a lighted candle. The dead man had rings on his fingers, and his watch in his fob-pocket, from which issued a great bunch of trinkets.

Yesterday at half-past three o'clock, at the first musket-shots, the King sent for Marshal Soult, and said to him: "Marshal, the waters become troubled. Some ministers must be fished up."

An hour afterwards, the Marshal came to the King and said, as he rubbed his hands, in his Southern accent: "This time, Sire, I think we shall manage the business."

There is, in fact, a ministry this morning in the *Moniteur*.

Mid-day.—I go out. Firing can be heard in the Rue Saint-Louis. The men in blouses have been turned out of the Place Royale, and now only those persons who live there are allowed to enter the street. The rioting is in the Rue Saint-Louis: It is feared that the insurgents will penetrate one by one to the Place Royale and fire upon the troops from behind the pillars of the arcades.

Two hundred and twelve years, two months, and two days ago to-day, Beuvron, Bussy d'Amboise, and Buquet on the one hand, and Boutteville, Deschappelles, and Laberthe on the other, fought to the death with swords and daggers in broad daylight, at this same time and in this same Place Royale. Pierre Corneille was then twenty-one years of age. I hear a National Guard express regret at the disappearance of the railing which has just been foolishly pulled down, and of which the fragments are still at this moment lying upon the pavement.

Another National Guard says: "I myself am a Republican, as is natural, for I am a Swiss."

The approaches to the Place Royale are deserted. The firing continues, very sustained, and very close at hand.

In the Rue Saint-Gilles, before the door of the house occupied in 1784 by the famous Countess Lamothe-Valois, of the Diamond Necklace affair, a Municipal Guard bars my passage.

I reach the Rue Saint-Louis by the Rue des Douze-Portes. The Rue Saint-Louis has a singular appearance. At one of the ends can be seen a company of soldiers, who block up the whole street and advance slowly, pointing their muskets. I am hemmed in by

people running away in every direction. A young man has just been killed at the corner of the Rue des Douze-Portes.

It is impossible to go any further. I return in the direction of the boulevard.

At the corner of the Rue du Harlay, there is a cordon of National Guards. One of them, who wears the blue ribbon of July, stops me suddenly. "You cannot pass!" And then his voice suddenly became milder: "Really, I do not advise you to go that way, Sir." I raise my eyes: it is my floor-polisher.

I proceed further.

I arrive in the Rue Saint-Claude. I have only gone forward a few steps when I see all the foot-passengers hurrying. A company of infantry has just appeared at the end of the street, near the church. Two old women, one of whom carries a mattress, utter exclamations of terror. I continue to make my way towards the soldiers, who bar the end of the street. Some young scamps in blouses are bolting in every direction near me. Suddenly the soldiers bring down their muskets and present them. I have only just time to jump behind a street post, which protects, at all events, my legs. I am fired upon. No one falls in the streets. I make towards the soldiers, waving my hat, that they may not fire again. As I come close up to them, they open their ranks for me, I pass, and not a word is exchanged between us.

The Rue Saint-Louis is deserted. It has the appearance which it presents at four o'clock in the morning in summer: shops shut, windows shut, no one about, broad

daylight. In the Rue du Roi-Doré, the neighbours chat at their doorways. Two horses, unharnessed from some cart, of which a barricade has been made, pass up the Rue Saint-Jean-Saint-François, followed by a bewildered cartman. A large body of National Guards and troops of the line appear to be in ambush at the end of the Rue Saint-Anastase. I make inquiries. About half-an-hour ago, seven or eight young workmen came there, dragging muskets, which they hardly knew how to load. They were youths of fourteen or fifteen years of age. They silently prepared their arms in the midst of the people of the neighbourhood and the passers-by, who looked on as they did so, then they broke into a house where there were only an old woman and a little child. There they sustained a siege of a few moments. The firing in my direction was aimed at some of them who were running away up the Rue Saint-Claude.

All the shops are closed, except the wine-shop where the insurgents drank, and where the National Guard are drinking.

Three o'clock.—I have just explored the boulevards. They are covered with people and soldiers. Platoon-firing is heard in the Rue Saint-Martin. Before the windows of Fieschi, I saw a lieutenant-general, in full uniform, pass by, surrounded by officers and followed by a squadron of very fine dragoons, sabre in hand. There is a sort of camp at the Château d'Eau; the actresses of the Ambigu are on the balcony of their green-room, looking on. No theatre on the boulevards will give a performance this evening.

All signs of disorder have disappeared in the Rue Saint-Louis. The rioting is concentrated in the great central markets. A National Guard said to me just now: "There are in the barricades over there more than four thousand of them." I said nothing in reply to the worthy fellow. In moments like this, all eyes are overflowing vessels.

In a house in course of erection in the Rue des Coutures-Saint-Gervais, the builder's men have resumed work. A man has just been killed in the Rue de la Perle. In the Rue des Trois-Pavillons, I see some little girls playing at battledore and shuttlecock. In the Rue de l'Echarpe, there is a laundryman in a fright, who says he has seen cannon go by. He counted eight.

Eight p.m.—The Marais remains tolerably quiet. I am informed that there are cannon in the Place de la Bastille. I proceed there, but cannot make out anything; the twilight is too deep. Several regiments stand in silent readiness, infantry and cavalry. A crowd assembles at the sight of the waggons from which supplies are distributed to the men. The soldiers make ready to bivouac. The unloading of the wood for the night-fires is heard.

Midnight.—Complete battalions go the rounds upon the boulevards. The bivouacs are lighted up in all directions, and throw reflections as of a conflagration on the fronts of the houses. A man dressed as a woman has just passed rapidly by me, with a white hat and a very thick black veil, which completely hides his face. As the church

clocks were striking twelve I distinctly heard, amidst the silence of the city, two very long and sustained reports of platoon firing.

I listen as a long file of carts, making a heavy iron clatter, pass in the direction of the Rue du Temple. Are these cannon?

Nine a.m.—I return home. I notice from a distance that the great bivouac fire lighted at the corner of the Rue Saint-Louis and the Rue de l'Ecluse has disappeared. As I approach, I see a man stooping before the fountain and holding something under the water of the spout. I look. The man looks uneasy. I see that he is extinguishing at the fountain some half-burnt logs of wood; then he loads them upon his shoulders and makes off. They are the last brands which the soldiers have left on the pavement on quitting their bivouacs. In fact, there is nothing left now but a few heaps of red ashes. The soldiers have returned to their barracks. The riot is at an end. It will at least have served to give warmth to a poor wretch in winter time.

1840.

FUNERAL OF NAPOLEON.

NOTES TAKEN ON THE SPOT.

December 15th.

I HAVE heard the drums beat to arms in the streets since half-past six o'clock in the morning. I go out at eleven. The streets are deserted, the shops shut; no passer-by is to be seen save, perhaps, an old woman here and there. It is evident that all Paris has poured forth towards one side of the city like fluid in a slanting vessel. It is very cold; a bright sun, slight mists overhead. The gutters are frozen. As I reach the Louis-Philippe bridge a cloud descends, and a few snowflakes, driven by the northerly wind, lash me in the face. Passing near Notre-Dame I notice that the great bell does not ring.

In the Rue Saint-André-des-Arts the fevered commotion of the fête begins to manifest itself. Aye, it is a fête, the fête of an exiled coffin returning in triumph. Three men of the lower classes, of those poor workmen in rags who are cold and hungry the whole winter-time, walk in front of me rejoicing. One of them jumps about, dances and goes through a thousand absurd antics, crying: "Vive l'Empereur!" Pretty *grisettes*, smartly dressed

pass by, led by their student companions. Hired carriages are making rapidly in the direction of the Invalides. In the Rue du Four the snow thickens. The sky becomes black. The snowflakes are interspersed with white teardrops. Heaven itself seems to wish to hang out signs of mourning.

The storm, however, lasts but a short time. A pale streak of light illumines the angle of the Rue de Grenelle and the Rue du Bac, and there the Municipal Guards stop the vehicles. I pass by. Two great empty waggons conducted by artillerymen come from behind me, and return to their quarters at the end of the Rue de Grenelle just as I come out on the Place des Invalides. Here I fear at first that all is over, and that the Emperor has passed by, so many are the passers-by coming towards me who appear to be returning. It is only the crowd flowing back, driven by a cordon of Municipal Guards on foot. I show my ticket for the first platform on the left, and pass the barrier.

These platforms are immense wooden structures, covering, from the quay to the dome-shaped building, all the grass-plots of the Esplanade. There are three of these on each side.

At the moment of my arrival, the site of the platforms on the right as yet hides the square from my view. I hear a formidable and dismal noise. It seems like innumerable hammers beating time upon the boarding. It is the hundred thousand spectators crowded upon the platforms, who, being frozen by the northerly wind, are stamping to keep themselves warm until such time as the procession shall arrive. I climb up on the platform.

The spectacle is no less strange. The women, nearly all of them wearing heavy boots, and veiled like the female ballad-singers of the Pont-Neuf, are hidden beneath great heaps of furs and cloaks; the men display neckerchiefs of extraordinary size.

The decoration of the square, good and bad. Shabbiness surmounting magnificence. On the two sides of the avenue two rows of figures, heroic, colossal, pale in this cold sunlight, producing rather a fine impression. They appear to be of white marble; but this marble is of plaster. At the extremity, opposite the building, the statue of the Emperor in bronze; this bronze is also of plaster. In each gap between the statues a pillar of painted cloth, and gilded in rather bad taste, surmounted by a brazier, just now filled with snow. Behind the statues, the platforms and the crowd; between the statues, a straggling file of the National Guard; above the platforms, masts, on top of which grandly fluttered sixty long tricoloured pennants.

It appears that there has been no time to finish the decoration of the principal entrance to the building. Above the railings has been roughly constructed a sort of funeral triumphal arch of painted cloth and crape, with which the wind plays as with old linen clothes hung out from the garret of a hovel. A row of poles, plain and bare, rise above the cannon, and, from a distance, look like those small sticks which little children plant in the sand. Cloths and rags, which are supposed to be black drapery with silver spangles, flutter and flap together feebly between these poles. At the end, the Dome, with its flag and mourning drapery, sparkling with a metallic

lustre, subdued by the mist in a brilliant sky, has a sombre and splendid appearance.

It is mid-day.

The cannon at the building is fired at quarter-hour intervals. The crowd stamp their feet. Gendarmes, disguised in plain clothes, but betraying themselves by their spurs and the stocks of their uniforms, walk hither and thither. In front of me a ray of light shows up vividly a rather poor statue of Joan of Arc, who holds in her hand a palm-branch, which she appears to use as a shade, as though the sun affected her eyes.

At a few steps from the statue a fire, at which a number of men of the National Guard warm their feet, is alight in a heap of sand.

From time to time military bandmen invade an orchestra, raised between the two platforms on the opposite side, perform a funeral flourish, then come down again hastily and disappear in the crowd, only to reappear the moment after. They leave the music for the wine-shop.

A hawkers passes along the platform, selling dirges at a half-penny each, and accounts of the ceremony. I buy two of these documents.

All eyes are fixed upon the corner of the Quai d'Orsay, whence the procession is to come out. The cold adds to the feeling of impatience. Black and white lines of vapour ascend here and there through the thick mist of the Champs-Élysées, and detonations are heard in the distance.

Of a sudden, the National Guards hasten to arms. An orderly officer crosses the avenue at a gallop. A line is

formed. Workmen place ladders against the pillars and begin to light the braziers. A salvo of heavy artillery explodes loudly at the east corner of the Invalides; a dense yellow smoke, mingled with golden flashes, fills this whole corner. From the position in which I am placed, the firing of the guns can be seen. They are two fine old engraved cannon of the seventeenth century, which one hears from the anvil are of bronze. The procession approaches.

It is half-past twelve.

At the far end of the esplanade, near the river, a double row of mounted grenadiers, with yellow shoulder-belts, solemnly debouch. This is the Gendarmerie of the Seine. It is the head of the procession. At this moment the sun does its duty, and appears in its glory. It is the month of Austerlitz.

After the bearskins of the Gendarmerie of the Seine, the brass helmets of the Paris Municipal Guard, then the tricoloured pennants of the lancers, fluttering in the air in charming fashion. Flourishes of trumpets and beating of drums.

A man in a blue blouse climbs over the outside wood-work, at the risk of breaking his neck on the platform in front of me. No one assists him. A spectator in white gloves looks at him as he does so, and does not hold out a hand to him. The man, however, reaches his destination.

The procession, including generals and marshals, has an admirable effect. The sun, striking the cuirasses of the carabiniers, lights up the breast of each of them with a dazzling star. The three military schools pass by with

erect and solemn bearing, then the artillery and infantry, as though going into action. The ammunition waggons have the spare wheel at the rear, the soldiers carry their knapsacks upon their backs. A short distance off, a great statue of Louis XIV., of ample dimensions and tolerably good design, gilded by the sun, seems to view with amazement all this splendour.

The mounted National Guard appear. Up-
roar in the crowd. It is sufficiently well disciplined notwithstanding, but it is an inglorious regiment, and this detracts from the effect of a procession of this kind. People laugh. I hear this conversation: "Just look at that fat colonel! How strangely he holds his sword!" "Who is that fellow?" "That is Montalivet."

Interminable legions of the infantry of the National Guard now march past, with arms reversed, like the line regiments, beneath the shadow of this grey sky. A mounted National Guard, who lets fall his shako, and so gallops bareheaded for some time, although successful in catching it, causes much amusement to the gallery, that is to say, to a hundred thousand people.

From time to time the procession halts, then continues on its way. The lighting of the braziers is completed, and they smoke between the statues like great bowls of punch.

Expectation rises higher. Here is the black carriage with silver ornamentation of the chaplain of the Belle-Poule, in the inside of which is seen a priest in mourning; then the great black velvet coach with mirror panels of the St. Helena Commission, four horses to each of these two carriages.

Suddenly the cannon are discharged simultaneously from three different points on the horizon. This triple sound hems in the ear in a sort of triangle, formidable and superb. Drums beat a salute in the distance. The funeral carriage of the Emperor appears. The sun, obscured until this moment, reappears at the same time. The effect is prodigious.

In the distance is seen, in the mist and sunlight, against the grey and russet background of the trees in the Champs-Élysées, beyond the great white phantom-like statues, a kind of golden mountain slowly moving. All that can be distinguished of it as yet is a sort of luminous glistening, which makes now stars, now lightning, sparkle over the whole surface of the car. A mighty roar follows this apparition. It would seem as though this car draws after it the acclamation of the whole city as a torch draws after it its smoke.

As it turns in the avenue of the esplanade, it remains for a few moments at a standstill, through some contingency, before a statue which stands at the corner of the avenue and of the quay. I have since ascertained that this statue was that of Marshal Ney.

At the moment when the funeral car appeared, it was half-past one.

The procession resumes its progress. The car advances slowly. The shape begins to display itself.

Here are the saddle-horses of the marshals and generals who hold the cords of the Imperial pall. Here are the eighty-six subaltern legionaries bearing the banners of the eighty-six departments. Nothing prettier to be conceived than this square, above which flutter a forest of

flags. It might be supposed that a gigantic field of dahlias is on the march.

Here comes a white horse covered from head to foot with a violet pall, accompanied by a chamberlain in pale blue, embroidered with silver, and led by two footmen, dressed in green, with gold lace. It is the Emperor's livery. A shudder goes through the crowd. It is Napoleon's charger! The majority firmly believed it. Had the horse been ridden only for two years by the Emperor, he would be thirty years old, which is a good age for a horse.

The fact is that this palfrey is a good old supernumerary horse, who has filled for some ten years the office of charger in all the military burials over which the Funeral Administration presides. This charger of straw carries on his back the genuine saddle of Bonaparte at Marengo : a crimson velvet saddle with a double row of gold lace, tolerably well worn.

After the horse come, in close and regular formation, the five hundred sailors of the Belle-Poule, youthful faces for the most part, dressed for action, with round jackets, round varnished hats, each with his pistol in his belt, his boarding-axe in hand, and at his side a sword, a cutlass with a large handle of polished iron.

The salvos continue. At this moment the story goes the round of the crowd that the first discharge of cannon at the Invalides has cut off the legs of a Municipal Guard at the thighs. By an oversight, the gun had not been unloaded. It is added that a man has fallen down in the Place Louis XV. under the wheels of the cars, and has been crushed to death.

The car is now very near. It is almost immediately preceded by the officers of the Belle-Poule, under the command of the Prince de Joinville, on horseback. The Prince de Joinville's face is covered with a beard (fair), which appears to me contrary to the rules of the naval forces. He wears for the first time the grand ribbon of the Legion of Honour. Hitherto, he figured upon the roll of the Legion only as a plain knight.

Arriving immediately in front of me, a slight momentary interruption, I know not from what cause, takes place; the car halts. It remains stationary for a few minutes between the statue of Joan of Arc and the statue of Charles V.

I can survey it at leisure. The effect, as a whole, is not wanting in grandeur. It is an enormous mass, gilt all over, of which the tiers rise pyramid-like above the four great gilt wheels which bear it. Under the violet pall, studded with bees, which covers it from top to bottom, some tolerably fine details may be observed: the wild-looking eagles of the base, the fourteen Victories of the top-piece bearing upon a golden support the representation of a coffin. The real coffin is invisible. It has been deposited inside the basement, which detracts from the sensational effect. That is the grave defect of this car. It conceals what one would wish to see, what France has demanded, what the people expect, what every eye seeks—the coffin of Napoleon.

Upon the sham sarcophagus have been deposited the insignia of the Emperor, the crown, the sword, the sceptre, and the robe. In the gilded orifice which divides the Victories on the summit from the eagles at the base,

can be distinctly seen, in spite of the gilding already partly clipped off, the joints in the deal planks. Another defect. This gold is merely imitation. Deal and paste-board, that is the reality. I could have wished for the Emperor's funeral car a splendour of a genuine character.

Nevertheless, the greater part of this sculptural composition has some boldness and artistic merit, although the conception of the design and the ornamentation hesitate between the Renaissance and the Rococo.

Two immense bundles of flags, conquered from all the nations of Europe, rise in glorious splendour from the front and rear of the car.

The car, with all its load, weighs twenty-six thousand pounds. The coffin alone weighs five thousand pounds.

Nothing more surprising and more superb could be imagined than the set of sixteen horses who draw the car. They are terrific creatures, adorned with white plumes flowing down to the haunches, and covered from head to foot with a splendid caparison of gold-cloth, leaving only their eyes visible, which gives them an indescribable air of phantom steeds.

Valets in the Imperial livery lead this imposing cavalcade.

On the other hand, the worthy and venerable generals who hold the cords of the pall have an appearance as far removed from the fantastic as could well be conceived. At the head, two marshals, the Duke de Reggio,* dimin-

* The Duke de Reggio is not really blind in one eye. A few years ago, as the result of a cold, the marshal had an attack of local paralysis which affected the right cheek and pupil. Since that time

tive and blind in one eye, to the right; to the left, Count Molitor; in the rear, on the right, an admiral, Baron Duperre, a stout and jovial sailor; on the left, a lieutenant-general, Count Bertrand—old, exhausted, broken-down, a noble and illustrious figure. All four wear the red ribbon.

The car, let it be said by the way, was not intended to be drawn by more than eight horses. Eight horses is a symbolical number which has a significance in the ceremonial. Seven horses, nine horses, are a waggoner's team; sixteen horses are for a stonemason's dray; eight horses are for an Emperor.*

he cannot open the one eye. However, throughout this ceremony he displayed wonderful courage. Covered with wounds and seventy-five years of age, he remained in the open air, in a temperature of fourteen degrees, from eight o'clock in the morning until two o'clock in the afternoon, in full uniform and without a cloak, out of respect for his general. He made the journey from Courbevoie to the Invalides on foot, *on his three broken legs*, as the Duchess de Reggio wittily said to me. The Marshal, in fact, having suffered two fractures of the right leg and one of the left, has really had three legs broken.

c After all, it is remarkable that, out of so many veterans exposed for so great a length of time to this severe cold, no mishap should have happened to any one of them. Strange to say, this funeral did not bury anybody.

* 29th of December, 1840.—It has since been ascertained that the magnificent saddle-cloths of gold brocade which caparisoned the sixteen horses were of spun glass. An unworthy saving. An unseemly deception. This singular announcement now appears in the newspapers:—

“A large number of persons who came to the spun-glass warehouse at No. 97, Rue de Charonne, to see the mantle which adorned the sides of the funeral car of Napoleon, wished to keep a souvenir of the great ceremony by buying a few eagles from this mantle. The manager of the establishment, who, in obedience to the command of

The spectators upon the platforms have continued without intermission to stamp with the soles of their boots, except at the moment when the catafalque passed before them. Then only are the feet silent. One can tell that a great thought flashes through the crowd.

The car has resumed its progress, the drums beat a salute, the firing of the cannon is more rapid. Napoleon is at the gates of the Invalides. It is ten minutes to two.

Behind the bier come in civilian dress all the survivors of the Emperor's household, then all the survivors of the soldiers of the Guard, clad in their glorious uniforms, already unfamiliar to us.

The remainder of the procession, made up of régiments of the regular army and the National Guard, occupies, it is said, the Quai d'Orsay, the Louis XVI. bridge, the Place de la Concorde and the Avenue des Champs-Élysées, as far as the Arc de l'Étoile.

The car does not enter the courtyard of the Invalides; the railings planted by Louis XIV. are too low. It turns off to the right; sailors are seen to enter into the basement and issue forth again with the coffin, then disappear beneath the porch erected at the entrance to the enclosure. They are in the courtyard.

All is over for the spectators outside. They descend very noisily and hurriedly from the platforms. Knots of the government, was obliged to refuse them, is now in a position to accede to their request."

So we have a bronze statue in plaster, solid gold Victories in pasteboard, an Imperial mantle in spun glass, and—a fortnight after the ceremony—eagles for sale.

people stop at short distances, apart before some posters stuck to the boards and running thus : *Leroy, refreshment contractor, Rue de la Serpe, near the Invalides. Choice wines and hot pastry.*

I can now examine the decoration of the avenue. Nearly all these statues in plaster are bad. Some are ridiculous. The Louis XIV. which, at a distance, had solidity, is grotesque at near sight. Macdonald is a good likeness. Mortier the same. Ney would be so if he had not had so high a forehead given to him. In fact, the sculptor has made it exaggerated and ridiculous in the attempt to be melancholy. The head is too large. In reference to this, it is said that in the hurry of improvising the statues, the measurements have been given incorrectly. On the day when they had to be delivered, the statuary sent in a Marshal Ney a foot too tall. What did the people of the Beaux-Arts department do ? They sawed out of the statue a slice of the stomach twelve inches wide, and stuck the two pieces together again as well as they were able.

• The bronze-coloured plaster of the statue of the Emperor is stained and covered with spots, which make the imperial robe look like a patchwork of old green baize.

• This reminds me, for the generation of ideas is a strange mystery, that this summer, at the residence of M. Thiers, I heard Marchand, the Emperor's valet-de-chambre, say how Napoleon loved old coats and old hats. I understand and share this taste. For a brain which works, the pressure of a new hat is insupportable.

The Emperor, said Marchand, took away with him when he quitted France, three coats, two surtouts and two hats; he got through his six years at St. Helena with this wardrobe; he did not wear any uniform.

Marchand added other curious details. The Emperor, at the Tuileries, often appeared to rapidly change his attire. In reality this was not so. The Emperor usually wore civilian dress, that is to say, breeches of white kerseymere, white silk stockings, shoes with buckles. But there was always in the next apartment a pair of riding-boots, lined with white silk up to the knees. When anything happened which made it necessary for the Emperor to mount on horseback, he took off his slippers, put on his boots, got into his uniform, and was transformed into a soldier. Then he returned home, took off his boots, put on his slippers again, and became once more a civilian. The white breeches, the stockings and the shoes were never worn more than one day. On the morrow these Imperial cast-off clothes belonged to the valet-de-chambre.

It is three o'clock. A salvo of artillery announces that the ceremony at the Invalides is at an end. I meet B. . . He, has just come out. The sight of the coffin has produced an ineffable impression.

The words which were spoken were simple and grand. The Prince de Joinville said to the king: "*Sire, I present to you the body of the Emperor Napoleon.*" The king replied: "*I receive it in the name of France.*" Then he said to Bertrand; "*General, place upon the coffin the*

glorious sword of the Emperor." And to Gourgaud :
"General, place upon the coffin the hat of the Emperor."

Mozart's *Requiem* had but little effect. Beautiful music already faded with age. Music too, alas, becomes faded with age !

The catafalque was only finished one hour before the arrival of the coffin. B. . . was in the church at eight o'clock in the morning. It was as yet only half draped, and ladders, tools and workmen encumbered it. The crowd were coming in during this time. Large gilt palms of five or six feet in height were tried on the four corners of the catafalque. But after being put in position they were seen to produce but a poor effect. They were removed.*

The Prince de Joinville, who had not seen his family for six months, went up and kissed the hand of the Queen, and heartily shook hands with his brothers and sisters. The Queen received him in stately fashion without demonstration, as a Queen rather than as a mother.

During this time, the archbishops, *curés*, and priests sang the *Requiescat in pace* around the coffin of Napoleon.

The procession was fine, but too exclusively military, sufficing for Bonaparte, not for Napoleon. All the bodies in the State should have figured in it, at least

* 23rd of December.—Since the transfer of the coffin, the church of the Invalides is open to the crowd who visit it. There pass through it daily a hundred thousand persons, from ten o'clock in the morning until four o'clock in the evening. The lighting of the chapel costs the State 350 francs a day. M. Duchatel, Minister of the Interior (who it may be stated by the way is said to be a son of the Emperor), groans aloud at this expense.

by deputy. The fact is, the thoughtlessness of the government has been extreme. It was in haste to be done with the affair. Philippe de Ségur, who followed the car as a former aide-de-camp of the Emperor, told me how at Courbevoie, on the banks of the river, in an atmosphere of fourteen degrees, this morning, there was not even a waiting-room with a fire in it. These two hundred veterans of the Emperor's household had to wait for an hour and a half in a kind of Greek temple exposed to the wind from all quarters of the compass.

The same neglect was skewn with respect to the steam-boats which took the body from Havre to Paris, a journey remarkable nevertheless for the earnest and solemn demeanour of the riverside populations. None of these boats was suitably fitted up. Victuals were wanting. No beds. Orders given that no one should land. The Prince de Joinville was obliged to sleep, one of a party of twenty, in a common room upon a table. Others slept underneath. The men slept on the ground, and the more fortunate upon benches or chairs. It seemed as though those in authority were in ill-humour. The Prince complained openly of it, and said: In this affair all that emanates from the people is great, all that emanates from the government is paltry.

Wishing to reach the Champs-Élysées, I crossed the suspension bridge where I paid my half-penny. A real act of generosity, for the mob which crowds the bridge neglects to pay.

The legions and regiments are in battle array in the

Avenue de Neuilly. The avenue is decorated, or, rather, dishonoured along its entire length by fearful statues in plaster representing figures of Fame and triumphal columns crowned with golden eagles and placed in a blank space upon grey marble pedestals. The street-boys amuse themselves by making holes in this marble which is made of cloth.

Upon each column are seen between two bundles of tricoloured flags, the name and the date of one of the victories of Bonaparte.

An inferior theatrical looking group occupies the top of the Arc de Triomphe: the Emperor erect upon a car surrounded by figures of Fame, having on his right, Glory, and on his left, Grandeur. What is the meaning of a statue of grandeur? How can grandeur be expressed by means of a statue? Is it in making it larger than the others? This is monumental nonsense.

This scenic effect, poorly gilt, is turned towards Paris. By going to the other side of the Arc, one can see the back of it. It is a regular theatrical set piece. On the side looking towards Neuilly, the Emperor, the Glories, and the Fames become simply pieces of framework clumsily shaped.

With regard to this matter, the figures in the Avenue des Invalides have been strangely chosen, be it said by the way. The published list gives bold and singular conjunctions of names.—Here is one: *Lobau. Charlemagne. Hugues Capet.*

A few months ago, I was taking a walk in these same Champs-Élysées with Thiers, then Prime Minister. He

would without doubt have managed the ceremony with greater success. He would have put his heart into it. He had ideas. He loves and appreciates Napoleon. He told me some anecdotes of the Emperor. M. de Rémusat allowed him to see the unpublished memoirs of his mother. There are in them a hundred details. The Emperor was good-natured and loved to tease people. To tease is the malice of good men. Caroline, his sister, wanted to be a Queen. He made her a Queen—Queen of Naples. But the poor woman had many troubles from the moment she had a throne, and became as she sat on it somewhat careworn and faded. One day, Talma was breakfasting with Napoleon—etiquette permitted Talma to come only to breakfast. Hereupon, Queen Caroline, just arrived from Naples, pale and fatigued, calls upon the Emperor. He looks at her, then turns towards Talma, much embarrassed between these two majesties. “My dear Talma,” he said, “they all want to be Queens, they lose their beauty in consequence. Look at Caroline. She is a Queen; she is ugly.”

As I pass, the demolition is just being finished of the innumerable stands, draped with black, and ornamented with rout seats, which have been erected by speculators at the entrance to the Avenue de Neuilly. Upon one of them, facing the Beaujon garden, I read this inscription:—*Seats to let. Austerlitz grand stand. Apply to M. Berthelémot, confectioner.*

On the other side of the Avenue, upon a showman's booth adorned with frightful pictorial signs representing, one of them the death of the Emperor; the other the

encounter at Mazagran, I read another inscription: *Napoleon in his coffin. Three half-pence.*

Men of the lower classes pass by and sing: *Long live my great Napoleon! Long live old Napoleon!* Hawkers make their way through the crowd, shouting: Tobacco and cigars! Others offer to the passers-by some kind of hot and steaming liquor out of a copper tea-urn covered with a black cloth. An old woman at a stall coolly puts on an under-garment in the midst of the hurly-burly. Towards five o'clock, the funeral car, now empty, returns by way of the Avenue des Champs-Élysées to be put up under the Arc de Triomphe. This is a capital idea. But the magnificent spectre-horses are tired. They walk with difficulty, and slowly, notwithstanding all the efforts of the drivers. Nothing stranger can be imagined than the shouts of *hu-ho* and *dia-hu* lavished upon this Imperial, but at the same time fantastic, team.

I return home by the boulevards. The crowd there is immense; suddenly it falls back and looks round with a certain air of respect. A man passes proudly by in its midst. He is an old huzzar of the Imperial Guard, a veteran of great height and lusty appearance. He is in full uniform, with tight-fitting red trousers, a white waistcoat with gold braid, a sky-blue pelisse, a busby with a grenade and plaited loop, his sword at his side, his sabretache beating upon his thighs, an eagle upon his satchel. All round him the little children cry: *Vive l'Empereur!*

It is certain that all this ceremony has been curiously like a juggle. The government appeared to fear the phantom which it had raised. It seemed as though the

object was both to show and to hide Napoleon. Everything which would have been too grand or too touching was left out of sight. The real and the grandiose were concealed beneath more or less splendid coverings, the Imperial procession was juggled into the military procession, the army was juggled into the National Guard, the Chambers were juggled into the Invalides, the coffin was juggled into the cenotaph.

What was wanted on the contrary was that Napoleon should be taken up frankly, honoured, treated royally and popularly as Emperor, and then strength would have been found just where a failure almost took place.

To-day, the 8th of May, I returned to the Invalides to see the St. Jérôme chapel, where the Emperor is temporarily placed. All traces of the ceremony of the 15th of December have disappeared from the esplanade. The quincunxes have been cut out afresh; the grass, however, has not yet grown again. There was some sunshine, accompanied now and then by clouds and rain. The trees were green and lusty. The poor old pensioners were talking quietly to a group of youngsters, and walking in their little gardens full of bouquets. It is that delightful period of the year when the late lilacs have shed their petals, when the early laburnums are in bloom. The great shadows of the clouds pass rapidly across the forecourt, where stands under an archivault on the first floor, a plaster equestrian statue of Napoleon, a rather pitiful counterpart to the equestrian Louis XIV. boldly chiselled in stone over the great portal.

All round the court, below the eaves of the building,

are still stuck up, as the last vestiges of the funeral, the long narrow strips of black cloth upon which had been painted in golden letters, three by three, the names of the generals of the Revolution and the Empire. The wind begins, however, to tear them down here and there. •On one of these strips, of which the torn end floated in mid-air, I read these three names : •

SAURET—CHAMBURE—HUG . . .

The end of the third name had been torn and carried off by the wind. Was it *Hugo* or *Huguet* ?

Some young soldiers were entering the church. I followed these *tourlourous*, as the phrase goes now-a-days. For in time of war the soldier calls the citizen a *pékin*, in time of peace the citizen calls the soldier a *tourlourou*.

The church was bare and cold, almost deserted. At the end, a large gray cloth covering, stretched from top to bottom, hid the enormous archivault of the dome. Behind this covering could be heard the muffled and almost funereal sound of hammers.

I walked about for an instant or two reading upon the pillars the names of all the warriors buried there.

All along the nave above our heads, the flags conquered from the enemy, that accumulation of splendid tatters, were gently wafted near the roof. In the intervals between the blows of the hammers, I heard a muttering in a corner of the church. It was an old woman at confession.

The soldiers went out and myself behind them. They turned to the right along the Metz corridor, and we mixed with a tolerably large and very well-dressed crowd

going in that direction. The corridor leads to the inner court in which the minor entrance to the Dome is situated.

There I found three more statues, of lead, taken I know not where from, which I remember to have seen on this same spot as a little child in 1815, at the time of the mutilation of buildings, dynasties, and nations, which took place at that period. These three statues, in the worst style of the Empire, cold as allegory, gloomy as mediocrity, stand alongside the wall there, on the grass, amidst a mass of architectural capitals, with an indescribable suggestion of tragedies which have been damned. One of them leads a lion by a chain, and represents Might. Nothing can appear so much out of place as a statue standing upon the ground without a pedestal; it looks like a horse without a rider, or a king without a throne. There are but two alternatives for the soldier,—battle or death; there are but two for the king,—empire or the tomb; there are but two for the statue,—to stand erect against the sky or to lie flat upon the ground. A statue on foot puzzles the mind and bothers the eye. One forgets that it is of plaster or bronze, and that bronze does not walk any more than plaster, and one is tempted to say to this poor creature with a human face so awkward and wretched-looking in its ostentatious attitude: ‘Now then, go on, be off with you, march, keep going, move yourself! The ground is beneath your feet. What stops you? Who hinders you?’ The pedestal at least explains the want of motion. For statues as for men, a pedestal is a small space, narrow and respectable, with four precipices around it.

After having passed by the statues, I turned to the

right and entered the church by the great door at the rear, facing the boulevard. Several young women pass through the doorway at the same time as myself, laughing and calling to each other. The sentry allowed us to pass. He was a bent and melancholy-looking old soldier, sword in hand, perhaps an old grenadier of the Imperial Guard, silent and motionless in the shadow, and resting the end of his worn wooden leg upon a marble fleur-de-lys, half chipped out of the stone.

To get to the chapel where Napoleon is, one has to walk over a pavement tessellated with fleurs-de-lys. The crowd, women and soldiers, were in haste. I entered the church with slow steps.

A light from above, wan and pale, the light of a workshop rather than of a church, illuminated the interior of the dome. Immediately under the cupola, at the spot where the altar was and the tomb will be, stood, covered on the side of the aisle by the mass of black drapery, the immense scaffolding used in pulling down the baldachin erected under Louis XIV. No trace of this baldachin remained save the shafts of six great wooden columns supporting the head. These columns, destitute of capital or abacus, were still supported vertically by six shaped logs which had been put in place of the pedestals. The gold foliage, the spirals of which gave them a certain appearance of twisted columns, had already disappeared, leaving a black mark upon the six gilt shafts. The workmen perched up here and there inside the scaffolding looked like great birds in an enormous cage.

Others, below, were tearing up the stone floor. Others

again passed up and down the church, carrying their ladders, whistling and chatting.

On my right, the chapel of Saint-Augustin was full of *débris*. Huge blocks, broken and in heaps, of that splendid mosaic work in which Louis XIV. had set his fleurs-de-lys and sunflowers, concealed the feet of Saint Monica and Saint Alipa, looking wonder-stricken and shocked, in their niches. The statue of Religion by Girardon, erect between the two windows, looked gravely down upon this confusion.

Beyond the chapel of Saint-Augustin, some large marble slabs, which had formed the covering of the dome, placed vertically against each other, half hid a white, war-like, recumbent figure of a warrior beneath a rather high pyramid of black marble fixed in the wall. Underneath this figure, in a gap between the flagstones, could be read the three letters—

U B A

It was the tomb of VAUBAN.

On the opposite side of the church, in front of the tomb of Vauban, was the tomb of Turenne. The latter had been treated with greater respect than the other. No accumulation of ruins festered against that great sculptural design, more pompous than funereal, made for the stage rather than the church, in harmony with the frigid and exalted etiquette which ruled the art of Louis XIV. No palisade, no mound of rubbish prevented the passer-by from seeing Turenne attired as a Roman Emperor dying of an Austrian bullet above the bronze bas-relief of the battle of Turckheim, or from

deciphering this memorable date: 1675, the year in which Turenne died, the Duke de Saint-Simon was born, and Louis XIV. laid the foundation-stone of the Hôtel des Invalides.

On the right, against the scaffolding of the dome and the tomb of Turenne, between the silence of this sepulchre and the noise of the workmen, in a little barricaded and deserted chapel, I could discern behind a railing, through the opening of a white arch, a group of gilt statues, placed there pell-mell, and doubtless torn from the baldachin, conversing apparently in whispers on the subject of all this devastation. There were six of them, six winged and luminous angels, six golden phantoms, gloomily illuminated by a pale stream of sunlight. One of these statues indicated to the others with uplifted finger the chapel of Saint-Jérôme, gloomy, and in mourning drapery, and seemed to utter with consternation the word: Napoleon. Above these six spectres, upon the cornice of the little roof of the chapel, a great angel in gilt wood was playing upon a violoncello with eyes upturned to heaven, almost in the attitude which Veronese ascribes to Tintoretto in the Marriage at Cana.

By this time, I had arrived at the threshold of the chapel of Saint-Jérôme.

A great archivault, with a lofty door-curtain of rather paltry violet cloth, stamped with a fret-work pattern, and with golden palm-leaves; at the top of the door-curtain, the Imperial escutcheon in painted wood; on the left, two bundles of tricoloured flags, surmounted with eagles

looking like cocks touched up for the occasion ; pensioners wearing the Legion of Honour, carrying pikes ; the crowd, silent and reverential, entering under the archway ; at the extremity, eight or ten paces distant, an iron gateway, bronzed ; upon the gateway, which is of a heavy and feeble style of ornamentation, lions' heads, gilt N.'s with a tinsel-like appearance, the arms of the Empire, the *'main-de-justice'* * and sceptre, the latter surmounted by a seated miniature of Charlemagne, crowned and globe in hand ; beyond the gateway, the interior of the chapel, a something indescribably august, formidable, and striking : a swinging lamp alight, a golden eagle with wide-spread wings, the stomach glistening in the gloomy reflection of the lamplight, and the wings in the reflection of the sunlight ; under the eagle, beneath a vast and dazzling bundle of enemies' flags, the coffin, the ebony supports and brass-handles of which were visible ; upon the coffin, the great Imperial crown like that of Charlemagne, the gold laurel diadem like that of Cæsar, the violet velvet pall studded with bees ; in front of the coffin, upon a credence-table, the hat of St. Helena and the sword of Eylau ; upon the wall, to the right of the coffin, in the centre of a silver shield, the word *Wagram* ; on the left, in the centre of another shield, another word : *Austerlitz* ; all round, upon the wall, a hanging of violet velvet embroidered with bees and eagles ; at the top, on the spandrel of the nave, above the lamp, the eagle, the crown, the sword, and

* The *main-de-justice* was the sceptre, surmounted by a hand, which was used at the coronation of the kings of France.—*Translator's note.*

the coffin, a fresco, and in this fresco the angel of judgment sounding the trumpet over Saint-Jérôme asleep—that is what I saw at a glance, and that is what a minute sufficed to engrave upon my memory for life.

The hat, low-crowned, wide-brimmed, but little worn, trimmed with a black ribbon, out of which appeared a small tricoloured cockade, was placed upon the sword, of which the chased gold hilt was turned towards the entrance to the chapel and the point towards the coffin.

There was some admixture of meanness amidst all this grandeur. It was mean on account of the violet cloth, which was stamped and not embroidered; of the pasteboard painted to look like stone; of the hollow iron made to look like bronze; of that wooden escutcheon; of those N.'s in tinsel; of that canvas Roman column, painted to look like granite; of those eagles almost like cocks. The grandeur was in the spot, in the man, in the reality, in the sword, in the hat, in that eagle, in those soldiers, in that assemblage of people, in that ebony coffin, in that ray of sunlight.

The people were there as before an altar, in which the Supreme Being should be visible. But in leaving the chapel, after having gone a hundred steps, they entered to see the kitchen and the great sautepan. Such is the nature of the people.

It was with profound emotion that I contemplated that coffin. I remembered that, less than a twelvemonth previously, in the month of July, a M. — presented himself at my house, and after having told me that he was in business as a cabinet-maker in the Rue des

Tourelles, and a neighbour of mine, begged me to give him my advice respecting an important and precious article which he was commissioned to make just then. As I am greatly interested in the improvement of that small internal architecture which is called furniture, I responded favourably to the request, and accompanied M. — to the Rue des Tourelles. There, after having made me pass through several large, well-filled rooms, and shown me an immense quantity of oak and mahogany furniture, Gothic chairs, writing-tables with carved rails, tables with twisted legs, among which I admired a genuine old sideboard of the Renaissance, inlaid with mother-of-pearl and marble, very dilapidated and very charming—the cabinet-maker showed me into a great workshop full of activity, bustle and noise; where some twenty workmen were at work upon some kind or other of pieces of black wood which they had in their hands. I saw, in a corner of the workshop, a kind of large black ebony box, about eight feet long and three feet wide, ornamented at each end with big brass rings. I went towards it. “That is precisely,” said the employer, “what I wanted to show to you.” This black box was the coffin of the Emperor. I saw it then, I saw it again to-day. I saw it empty, hollow, wide open. I saw it once more full, tenanted by a great souvenir, forever closed.

I remember that I contemplated the inside for a long time. I looked especially at a long pale streak in the ebony which formed the left-hand side, and I said to myself: ‘In a few months the lid will be closed upon this coffin, and my eyes will perhaps have been closed for three or four thousand years before it will be given to

any other human eyes to see what I see at this moment—the inside of the coffin of Napoléon.’

I then took all the pieces of the coffin which were not yet fastened. I raised them and weighed them in my hands. The ebony was very fine and very heavy. The head of the establishment, in order to give me an idea of the general effect, had the lid put on the coffin by six men. I did not like the commonplace shape given to the coffin, a shape given nowadays to all coffins, to all altars, and to all wedding caskets. I should have preferred that Napoleon should have slept in an Egyptian tomb like Sesostris, or in a Roman sarcophagus like Merovée. That which is simple is also imposing.

Upon the lid shone in tolerably large characters the name: Napoleon. “What metal are these letters made of?” I asked the man. He replied: “In copper, but they will be gilded.” “These letters,” I rejoined, “must be in gold. In less than a hundred years, copper letters will have become oxydised and will have eaten into the wood-work of the coffin. How much would gold letters cost the State?” “About twenty thousand francs, sir.” The same evening, I called on M. Thiers, who was then President of the Council, and I explained the matter to him. “You are right,” said M. Thiers, “the letters shall be of gold; I will go and give the necessary order for them.” Three days afterwards, the treaty of the 15th of July burst upon us; I do not know whether M. Thiers gave the order, whether it was executed, or whether the letters on the coffin are gold letters.

I left the chapel of Saint-Jérôme as four o’clock was

striking, and I said to myself as I left: 'To all appearance, here is a tinsel N which smashes, eclipses, and supersedes the marble L's with their crowns, and fleurs-de-lys of Louis XIV.; but, in reality, it is not so. If this dome is narrow, history is wide. A day will come when Louis XIV. will have his dome restored to him, and a sepulchre will be given to Napoleon. The great King and the great Emperor will each be at home, in peace the one with the other, both venerated, both illustrious—the one because he personifies royalty in the eyes of Europe, the other because he represents France in the eyes of the world.'

To-day, the 11th of March, 1841, three months afterwards, I saw once more the Esplanade of the Invalides.

I went to see an old officer who was ill. The weather was the finest imaginable; the sun was warm and young; it was a day for the end rather than the beginning of spring.

The whole esplanade is in confusion. It is encumbered with the ruins of the funeral. The scaffolding of the platforms has been removed. The squares of grass which they covered have reappeared, hideously cut up by the deep ruts of the builder's waggons. Of the statues which lined the triumphal avenue, two only remain standing—*Marceau* and *Duguesclin*. Here and there heaps of stone, the remains of the pedestals. Soldiers, pensioners, apple-women, wander about amidst this fallen poetry.

A merry crowd was passing rapidly in front of the Invalides, going to see the artesian well. In a silent corner of the Esplanade stood two omnibuses, painted a

chocolate colour (*Béarnaises*), bearing this inscription in large letters :—

PUITS DE L'ABATTOIR DE GRENELLE.

Three months ago they bore this one :—

FUNERAL OF NAPOLEON AT THE INVALIDES.

In the courtyard of the building, the sun cheered and warmed a crowd of youngsters and old men, the most charming sight imaginable. It was public visiting day. The curious presented themselves in great numbers. Gardeners were clipping the hedges. The lilacs were bursting into bud in the little gardens of the pensioners. A little boy of fourteen years of age was singing at the top of his voice while sitting up on the carriage of the last cannon on the right, the same one which killed a gendarme in firing the first funeral salvo on the 15th of December.

I may mention, by the way, that during the last three months, these excellent sixteenth and seventeenth century pieces have been perched upon hideous little cast-iron carriages, producing a most mean and wretched effect. The old wooden carriages, enormous, squat, massive, worthily supported these gigantic and magnificent bronzes. A bevy of children, languidly looked after by their nurses, each of whom was leaning against her soldier, were playing amongst the twenty-four great culverins brought from Constantine and Algiers.

These gigantic engines, at least, have been spared the affront of *uniform* carriages. They lie flat on the ground

on the two sides of the gateway. Time has painted the bronze a light and pretty green colour, and they are covered with arabesques on large plates. Some of them, the least handsome, it must be admitted, are of French manufacture. Upon the breech is the inscription:—*François Durand, metal-founder to the King of France, Algiers.*

While I copied the inscription, a tiny little girl, pretty and fresh-coloured, dressed all in white, amused herself by filling with sand, with her ruddy little fingers, the touch-hole of one of these great Turkish cannons. A pensioner, with bare sword, standing upon two wooden legs, and no doubt guarding this artillery, looked at her as she did so, and smiled.

Just as I was leaving the Esplanade, towards three o'clock, a little group walked slowly across it. It was composed of a man dressed in black, with a band of crape on his arm and hat, followed by three others, of whom one, clad in a blue blouse, held a little boy by the hand. The man with the crape had under his arm a kind of box of a lightish colour, half hidden under a black cloth, which he carried as a musician carries the case in which his instrument is kept. I approached them. The black man was an undertaker's mute; the box was a child's coffin.

The course taken by the little procession, parallel with the front of the Invalides, intersected at a right angle that which three months ago had been followed by the hearse of Napoleon.

ORIGIN OF FANTINE.

V. H. was elected to the Académie one Tuesday. Two days afterwards, Madame de Girardin, who lived at that time in the Rue Laffitte, invited him to dinner.

At this dinner was Bugeaud, as yet only a general, who had just been appointed Governor-General of Algeria, and who was just going out to his post.

Bugeaud was then a man of sixty-five years of age, vigorous, with a very fresh complexion, and pitted with small-pox. He had a certain abruptness of manner which was never rudeness. He was a mixture of rustic and man of the world, old-fashioned and easy-mannered, having nothing of the heaviness of the old martinet, witty and gallant.

Madame de Girardin placed the general on her right and V. H. on her left. A conversation sprang up between the poet and the soldier, Madame de Girardin acting as interpreter.

The general was in very bad humour with Algeria. He maintained that this conquest precluded France from speaking firmly to Europe; that nothing was easier to conquer than Algeria, that the forces could easily be

blockaded there, that they would be taken like rats, and that they would make but one mouthful; moreover, that it was very difficult to colonize Algeria, and that the soil was unproductive; he had examined the land himself, and he found that there was a distance of a foot and a half between each stalk of wheat. *

"So then," said V. H., "that is what has become of what was formerly called the granary of the Romans! But even supposing it were as you say, I think our new conquest is a fortunate and grand affair. It is civilization trampling upon barbarism. It is an enlightened people which goes out to a people in darkness. We are the Greeks of the world; it is for us to illumine the world. Our mission is being accomplished, I only sing Hosanna! You differ from me, it is clear. You speak as a soldier, as a man of action. I speak as a philosopher and a thinker."*

V. H. left Madame de Girardin rather early. It was on the 9th of January. It was snowing in large flakes. He had on thin shoes, and when he was in the street he saw that it was impossible to return home on foot. He went

* In 1846—five years afterwards—the opinion of Marshal Bugeaud had completely changed. He came to see Victor Hugo, then a Peer of France, to beg him to speak on the subject of the Budget. Bugeaud said, experience had convinced him that the annexation of Algeria to France had excellent points; that he had discovered a suitable system of colonisation; that he would people the Mitidja—a great table-land in the interior of Africa—with civilian colonists; that, side by side, he would establish a colony of soldiers. He took a lance as a comparison: the handle would be the civilians, the spear the troops; so that the two colonies would join without being intermingled, &c., &c. To sum up, General Bugeaud, whom Africa had made a Marshal and Duke d'Isly, had become very favourable to Africa.

along the Rue Taitbout, knowing that there was a cab-rank on the boulevard at the corner of that street. There was no cab there. He waited for one to come.

He was thus waiting like an orderly on duty when he saw a young man, well and stylishly dressed, stoop and pick up a great handful of snow and put it down the back of a woman of the streets who stood at the corner of the boulevard, in a low-necked dress. The woman uttered a piercing shriek, fell upon the dandy and struck him. The young man returned the blow. the woman responded, and the battle went on in a *crescendo*, so vigorously and to such extremities that the police hastened to the spot.

They seized hold of the woman and did not touch the man.

Seeing the police laying hands upon her, the unfortunate woman struggled with them. But, when she was securely seized, she manifested the deepest grief. While two policemen were pushing her along, each holding one of her arms, she shouted: "I have done no harm, I assure you! It is the gentleman who interfered with me. I am not guilty; I implore you leave me alone! I have done no harm, really, really!"

"Come, move on; you will have six months for this business."

The poor woman, at these words: "*You will have six months for this business,*" once more began to defend her conduct, and redoubled her supplications and entreaties. The policemen, not much moved by her tears, dragged her to a police station in the Rue Chauchat, at the back of the Opéra.

V. H., interested in spite of himself in the unhappy woman, followed them, amidst that crowd of people which is never wanting on such an occasion.

Arriving near the station, V. H. conceived the idea of going in and taking up the cause of the woman. But he said to himself that he was well known, that just then the newspapers had been full of his name for two days past, and that to mix himself up in such an affair was to lay himself open to all kinds of disagreeable banter. In short, he did not go in.

The office into which the girl had been taken was on the ground-floor, overlooking the street. He looked through the windows at what was going on. He saw the poor woman lie down upon the floor in despair and tear her hair; he was moved to pity, he began to reflect, and the result of his reflections was that he decided to go in.

When he set foot in the office, a man who was seated before a table, lighted by a candle, writing, turned round and said to him in a sharp, peremptory tone of voice : "What do you want, sir?" "Sir, I was a witness of what took place just now; I come to make a deposition as to what I saw, and to speak to you in this woman's favour." At these words, the woman looked at V. H. in mute astonishment, and as though dazed. "Your deposition, more or less interested, will be unavailing. This woman has been guilty of an assault in a public thoroughfare. She struck a gentleman. She will get six months' imprisonment for it." ·

The woman once more began to cry, scream, and roll over and over. Other women, who had come and joined

her, said to her: "We will come and see you. Never mind. We will bring you some linen things. Take that for the present." And at the same time they gave her money and sweetmeats.

"When you know who I am," said V. H., "you will; perhaps, change your manner and tone, and will listen to me."

"Who are you, then?"

V. H. saw no reason for not giving his name.

He gave his name. The Commissary of Police, for he was a Commissary of Police, was prolific of excuses, and became as polite and deferential as he had before been arrogant; offered him a chair, and begged him to be good enough to be seated.

V. H. told him that he had seen with his own eyes a gentleman pick up a snowball and throw it down the back of the woman; that the latter, who could not even see the gentleman, had uttered a cry indicating sharp pain; that indeed she had attacked the gentleman, but that she was within her right; that apart from the rudeness of the act, the violent and sudden cold occasioned by the snow might, in certain circumstances, do the woman the most serious injury; that so far from taking away from this woman, who had possibly a mother or a child to support, the bread so miserably earned, it should rather be the man guilty of this assault upon her whom he should condemn to pay a fine; in fact, that it was not the woman who should have been arrested, but the man.

During this defence, the woman, more and more surprised, beamed with joy and emotion. "How good the gentleman is!" she said, "how good he is! I never

knew so good a gentleman. But then I never saw him. I do not know him at all."

The Commissary of Police said to V. H.: "I believe all that you allege; but the policemen have reported the case, and there is a charge made out. Your deposition will be entered in the charge-sheet, you may be sure. But justice must take its course, and I cannot set the woman at liberty."

"What! After what I have just told you, and what is the truth—truth which you cannot and do not doubt—you are going to detain this woman? Then this justice is a horrible injustice!"

"There is only one condition on which I could end the matter, and that is that you would sign your deposition. Will you do so?"

"If the liberty of this woman depends on my signature, here it is."

And V. H. signed.

The woman continually repeated: "How good the gentleman is! How good he is!"

These unhappy women are astonished and grateful not only when they are treated with sympathy; they are none the less so when they are treated with justice.

1842.

FIESCHI.

April 14th.

IN the Boulevard du Temple just now the house of Fieschi is being pulled down. The rafters of the roof are destitute of tiles. The windows, without glass or frames, lay bare the interior of the rooms. Inside, through the windows at the corner of the yard, can be seen the staircase which Fieschi, Pepin, and Morey went up and down so many times with their hideous project in their heads. The yard is crowded with ladders and carpenter's work, and the ground floor is surrounded by a timber hoarding.

What can be seen of Fieschi's room appears to have been embellished and decorated by the different lodgers who have inhabited it since. The walls and ceiling are covered with a paper sprinkled with a small pattern of greenish hue, and upon the ceiling an ornamental beading, also papered, makes the outline of a Y. This ceiling is, however, already broken in and much cracked by the builder's pick-axe.

Upon the subject of the Fieschi trial, I have from the Chancellor himself, M. Pasquier, several details which are not known.

As long as Fieschi, after his arrest, thought that his accomplices were in sympathy with him, he remained silent. One day, he learnt through his mistress, Nini Lassave, the one-eyed woman, that Morey said: "*What a pity the explosion did not kill him!*" From that moment, Fieschi was possessed with hatred; he denounced Pepin and Morey, and was as assiduous in ruining them as he had previously been anxious to save them. Morey and Pepin were arrested. Fieschi became the energetic supporter of the prosecution. He entered into the most minute details, revealed everything, threw light on, traced, explained, unveiled, unmasked everything, and failed in nothing, never telling any falsehood, and caring little about putting his head under the knife, provided the two other heads fell.

One day, he said to M. Pasquier: "Pepin is such a fool that he entered in his account-book the money he gave me for the machine, setting down what it was to be used for. Make a search at his house. Take his account-book for the six first months of 1835. You will find at the head of a page an entry of this kind made with his own hand." His instructions are followed, the search is ordered, the book is found. M. Pasquier examines the book, the Procureur-Général examines the book; nothing is discovered. This seems strange. For the first time, Fieschi was at fault. He is told of it: "Look again." Useless researches, trouble wasted. The commissioners of the Court are reinforced by an old examining magistrate, whom this affair makes a Councillor at the Royal Court in Paris (M. Gaschon, whom the Chancellor Pasquier, in telling me all this, called Gácon or Cachon).

This judge, an expert, takes the book, opens it, and, in two minutes, finds at the top of a page, as stated, the memorandum which formed the subject of Fieschi's accusation. Pepin had been content to strike it through carelessly, but it remained perfectly legible. The President of the Court of Peers and the Procurator-General, from a certain habit readily understood, had not read the passages which were struck through, and this memorandum had escaped them.

The thing being discovered, Fieschi is brought forward, and Pepin is brought forward, and they are confronted with each other before the book. Consternation of Pepin, joy of Fieschi. Pepin falters, grows confused, weeps, talks of his wife and his three children. Fieschi triumphs. The examination was decisive, and Pepin was lost. The sitting had been long; M. Pasquier dismisses Pepin, takes out his watch, and says to Fieschi: "Five o'clock! Come, that will do for to-day. It is time for you to go to dinner." Fieschi leaped up: "Dinner! Oh! I have dined to-day. I have cut off Pepin's head!"

Fieschi was correct in the smallest particulars. He said one day that at the moment of his arrest he had a dagger upon him. No mention was to be found of this dagger in any of the depositions. "Fieschi," said M. Pasquier, "what is the use of telling lies? You had no dagger." "Ah! President," said Fieschi, "when I arrived at the station-house, I took advantage of the moment when the policemen had their backs turned to throw the dagger under the camp-bed on which I had to sleep. It must be there still. Have a search made.

Those gendarmes are a filthy lot. They do not sweep underneath their beds." A visit was made to the station-house; the camp-bed was removed, and the dagger was found.

I was at the Peers' Court the day before his condemnation. Morey was pale and motionless. Pepin pretended to be reading a newspaper. Fieschi gesticulated while talking loudly and laughing. At one moment, he rose and said: "My lords, in a few days my head will be severed from my body; I shall be dead, and I shall rot in the earth. I have committed a crime, and I render a service. As for my crime, I am going to expiate it. As for my service, you will gather the fruits of it. After me, no more riots, no more assassinations, no more disturbances. I shall have sought to kill the King; I shall have succeeded in saving him." These words, the gesture, the tone of voice, the hour, the spot, struck me. The man appeared to me courageous and resolute. I said so to M. Pasquier, who answered me: "He did not think he was to die."

He was a bravo, a mercenary, nothing else. He had served in the ranks, and he mixed up his crime with some sort of military ideas. "Your conduct is very dreadful," M. Pasquier said to him; "to blow up perfect strangers, people who have done you no harm whatever—passers-by." Fieschi coldly replied: "It is what is done by soldiers in an ambush."

THE DEATH OF THE DUKE OF ORLEANS.

YESTERDAY, July 13th, the Duke of Orleans died of an accident.

On this subject, when one reflects upon the history of the last hundred and fifty years, an idea crosses the mind. Louis XIV. reigned, his son did not reign; Louis XV. reigned, his son did not reign; Louis XVI. reigned, his son did not reign; Napoleon reigned, his son did not reign; Charles X. reigned, his son did not reign; Louis-Philippe reigns, his son will not reign. Extraordinary fact! Six times in succession human foresight designates from amidst a whole people the head which is to reign, and it is precisely that one which does not reign. The fact is repeated with dreadful and mysterious persistency. A revolution comes about, a universal upheaval of ideas which engulfs in a few years a past of six centuries, and the whole social life of a great nation; this formidable commotion overturns everything excepting the fact to which we have referred; this, on the contrary, it causes to spring up amidst all that it demolishes; a great Empire is established, a Charlemagne appears, a new world arises, the fact continues to

repeat itself; it appears to be of the new world as well as of the old world. The Empire falls, the old blood returns; Charlemagne has vanished, exile takes the conqueror, and returns those who were proscribed; revolutions gather again and burst, dynasties change three times, event follows event, the tide ebbs and flows; still the fact remains, perfect, uninterrupted, without modification, without break. Since monarchies have existed, law says: *The eldest son of the King always reigns*; and now for a hundred and forty years, the event has answered: *The eldest son of the King never reigns*. Does it not seem as though it is a law which is revealing itself, and revealing itself, in the inexplicable order of human occurrences, with a degree of persistency and exactitude which up to the present had belonged only to material facts? Would it not be startling if certain laws of history were to be made manifest to men with the same preciseness, the same inflexibility, and, so to speak, the same harshness, as the great laws of nature?

For the Duke d'Orleans when dying, a few mattresses were hurriedly thrown upon the ground, and the head of the bed was made of an old arm-chair turned upside down.

A battered stove was at the back of the Prince's head. Pots and paps and coarse earthenware vessels ornamented a few boards along the wall. A large pair of shears, a fowling-piece, one or two penny coloured pictures fastened with four nails, represented Mazagran, the Wandering Jew, and the Attempt of Fieschi. A portrait of Napoleon and a portrait of the Duke of Orleans (Louis-Philippe) as

a Colonel-in-chief of huzzars, completed the decoration of the wall. The flooring was a square of plain red bricks. Two old wardrobes propped up the Prince's death-bed on the left-hand side.

The Queen's chaplain, who assisted the vicar of Neuilly at the moment of the Extreme Unction, is a natural son of Napoleon, the Abbé . . . , who much resembles the Emperor, minus the air of genius.

Marshal Gérard was present at the death, in uniform ; Marshal Soult, in a black coat, with his face like that of an old bishop ; M. Guizot, in a black coat ; the King, in black trousers and a brown coat. The Queen had on a violet silk gown trimmed with black lace.

July 20th.

God has vouchsafed two gifts to man : hope and ignorance. Ignorance is the better of the two.

Every time the Duke d'Orleans, the Prince Royal, went to Villiers to his summer palace, he passed by a rather squalid-looking house, with only two storeys and a single window to each of its two storeys, and with a wretched shop, painted green, upon the level of the street. This shop, without any window on the roadway, had only one door through which could be seen in the shadow a counter, a pair of scales, a few common wares displayed upon the floor, above which was painted in dirty yellow letters this inscription : GROCERY STORES. It is not quite certain

that the Duke d'Orleans, young, light-hearted, merry, happy, ever noticed this doorway; or if he occasionally cast an eye upon it in passing quickly along the road on pleasure intent, he probably looked upon it as the door of some wretched shop, some rookery, some hovel. It was the doorway of his tomb.

To-day, Wednesday, I visited the spot where the Prince fell, now exactly a week ago. It is at that part of the roadway which is comprised between the twenty-sixth and twenty-seventh tree on the left, counting the trees from the intersection of the road in the open circus at the Porte Maillot. The roadway from side to side is twenty-one paving-stones wide. The Prince smashed his forehead upon the third and fourth paving-stones on the left, near the edge. Had he been thrown eighteen inches further, he would have fallen on the bare earth.

The King has had the two blood-stained paving-stones removed, and to-day could still be distinguished in spite of the mud of a rainy day the two new stones just put in.

Upon the wall opposite, between the two trees, a cross has been cut in the plaster by passers-by, with the date: July 13th, 1842. At the side is written the word: *Martir* (*sic*).

From the spot where the Prince fell can be seen, on the right, through a vista formed by the houses and trees, the Arc de l'Étoile. On the same side, and within pistol-shot, rises a great white wall surrounded by sheds and rubbish, bordered by a moat and surmounted by a confused mass of cranes, windlasses and scaffoldings. These are the fortifications of Paris.

While I examined the two ~~fl~~aving-stones and the cross traced upon the wall, a gang of schoolboys, all in straw-hats, suddenly surrounded me, and these young fresh-looking and merry faces grouped themselves with heedless curiosity around the fatal spot. A few steps further on a young nurse kissed and caressed a little baby, at the same time shouting with laughter.

The house in which the Prince expired is No. 4, and is situated between a soap-manufactory and a low eating-house and wine-shop keeper's. The shop on the ground-floor is shut. Against the wall, on the right-hand side of the door, was placed a rough wooden seat, upon which two or three old women were basking in the sun. Over their heads was stuck up, upon the green ground of the coloured wall, a large bill, bearing these words: *Esprit Putot Mineral Water*. A pair of white calico curtains at the window of the first floor seem to indicate that the house is still occupied. A number of men, sitting at tables and drinking at the neighbouring wine-shop, talked and laughed noisily. Two doors further on, upon the house No. 6, nearly opposite the spot where the Prince was killed, is painted up this sign in black letters: Chanudet, stone-mason.

Singular fact; the Prince fell to the left, and the *post-mortem* examination shewed that the body was contused and the skull smashed on the right-hand side.

M. Villemain (it was he himself who told me this the day before yesterday) arrived at the Prince's side hardly half-an-hour after the accident. All the royal family were already there.

On seeing M. Villemain enter, the King hastened

towards him and said: "It is a terrible fall; he is still unconscious, but there is no fracture, the limbs are all supple and uninjured." The King was right; the whole body of the Prince was healthy and intact save the head, which, without outward tear or cut, was broken under the skin *like a plate*, Villemain told me.

In spite of what has been said on the subject, the Prince neither wept nor spoke. The skull being shattered and the brain torn, this would have been impossible. There was but a particle of organic life. The dying man did not see, feel, or suffer. M. Villemain only saw him move his legs twice.

The left-hand side of the road is occupied by gardens and summer-houses; on the right-hand side there is nothing but hovels.

On the 13th of July, when the Prince quitted the Tuileries for the last time, he passed, first of all, that human monument which awakens most powerfully the idea of endurance, the obelisk of Rameses; but he might have called to mind that on this same spot had been raised the scaffold of Louis XVI. He next passed the monument which awakens in most splendid fashion the idea of glory, the Arc de Triomphe de l'Étoile; but he might have called to mind that under this same arch had passed the coffin of Napoleon. Five hundred steps further on, he passed a road which owes its ominous name to the insurrection of the 6th of October, fomented by Philippe-Égalité against Louis XVI. This road is called the Route de la *République*. Just as they entered it, the horses which conveyed the grandson of Égalité ran away, *revolted*,

so to speak, and two-thirds of the distance down this fatal road the Prince fell.

The Duke d'Orleans was named Ferdinand after his grandfather of Naples, Philip after his father and his grandfather of France, Louis after Louis XVI., Charles after Charles X., and Henry after Henry V. In his burial certificate was omitted (was it by design?) his Sicilian name of Rosolino. I confess I regretted the omission of this pleasing name, which recalled Palermo and Sainte-Rosalie. Some sort of ridicule was feared. Rosolino sounds charming to poets and whimsical to commonplace people.

As I came back towards six o'clock in the evening, I noticed a bill printed in large letters, stuck here and there upon the walls, with the words : "*Fête at Neuilly, July 3rd.*"

A DREAM.

November 14th.

HERE is a dream which I dreamt this night. I write it solely on account of the date.

I was at home, but in a home which is not my own and which I do not know. There were several large reception-rooms, very handsome, and brilliantly lighted. It was evening. A summer evening. I was in one of these rooms near a table with some friends, who were my friends in the dream, but not one of whom do I know. A lively conversation was going on, accompanied by shouts of laughter. The windows were all wide open. Suddenly I hear a noise behind me. I turn round, and I see coming towards me, amidst a group of persons whom I do not know, the Duke d'Orleans.

I went up to the Prince with an expression of delight, but otherwise without surprise. The Prince appeared very lively and in good humour. I do not remember what clothes he wore.

I held out my hand to him, thanking him for coming thus cordially to my house without sending up his name. I remember very distinctly having said to him: "Thank you, Prince." He answered me with a shake of the hand.

At that moment I turned my head and saw three or four men placing upon the mantelpiece a bust of the Duke d'Orleans in white marble. I then perceived that there was already on the same mantelpiece another bust of the Prince in bronze. The men placed the marble bust in the place of the bronze bust and silently withdrew. The Prince led me towards one of the windows, which, as I have said, were open. It seems to me that in doing so we went out of one room into another. My mind is not clear as to this. The Prince and I sat down near the window, which looked out upon a splendid prospect. It was the interior of a city. In my dream I perfectly recognised this city, but in reality it was a place I had never seen.

Underneath the window stretched for a long distance between two dark blocks of buildings a broad stream, made resplendent in parts by the light of the moon. At the far end, in the mist, towered the two pointed and enormous steeples of a strange sort of cathedral; on the left, very near to the window, the eye looked in vain down a little dark alley. I do not remember that there were in this city any lights in the windows or inhabitants in the streets.

This place was known to me, I repeat, and I was speaking of it to the Prince as of a city which I had visited, and which I congratulated him in having come to see in his turn.

The sky was of a tender blue and a lovely softness. In one place some trees, barely visible, were wafted in a genial wind. The stream rippled gently. The whole scene had an indescribable air of calm. It seemed as

though in this spot one could penetrate into the very soul of things. I called the attention of the Prince to the fineness of the night, and I distinctly remember that I said these words to him: "You are a Prince; you will be taught to admire human politics; learn also to admire nature."

As I was speaking to the Duke d'Orleans, I felt that my nose began to bleed; I turned, and I recognised, among some persons who were conversing at a little distance behind us in low tones, M. Mélesville and M. Blanqui. The blood which I felt streaming down my mouth and cheeks was very dark and thick. The Prince looked at it as it streamed, and continued to speak to me without betraying any surprise. I tried to stop this bleeding with my handkerchief, but without success. At length I turned to M. Blanqui, and said: "You are a doctor; stop this bleeding, and tell me what it means." M. Blanqui, who was a doctor only in my dream, and who in reality is a political economist, did not answer me. I continued to converse with the Prince, and the blood continued to flow.

I do not quite know how it was that I ceased to take any notice of the blood which deluged my face. At this point there is a brief interval of mist and confusion, in which I no longer distinguish, except very imperfectly, the figures of the dream. What I do know is, that suddenly I heard in the apartment which we had just left a fresh commotion, similar to that which had ushered in the arrival of the Duke d'Orleans. One of my friends came in and said to me: "It is General La Fayette who has come to see you." I hastily rose, and re-entered

the first apartment. General La Fayette was really there ; I recognised him perfectly, and I looked upon his visit quite as a matter of course. He was leaning upon his son George, who was broad-faced, ruddy, and jovial looking, and who laid hold of my hands, shaking them very heartily. The general was very pale. He was surrounded by many unknown persons.

It is impossible for me to recall what I said to the general, and what he said to me in reply. At the end of a few moments, he said to me : " I am in a hurry, I must go ; give me your arm to the door." Then he leant his left elbow upon my right shoulder, and his right elbow upon the left shoulder of his son George, and we made our way at a very slow pace towards the door. .

Just as I arrived at the staircase, and was about to descend with the general, I turned and cast a glance behind me. My look evidently darted at this instant through the thickness of all the walls, for I saw all over several large apartments. There was no one in them now ; there were lights everywhere still, but all was deserted. But I saw, alone and still seated in the same place in the recess of the same window, the Duke d'Orleans looking sadly at me. At this moment I awoke.

I had this dream on the night of the 13th to the 14th of November, 1842, precisely four months after the death of the Duke d'Orleans, who was killed on the 18th of July ; and on the very night of the day when the period of mourning for the death of the Prince expired.

1843.

ROYER-COLLARD.

June 16th.

YESTERDAY, at the Académie, the sitting not yet having begun, M. Royer-Collard and M. Ballanche came and sat beside me. We entered into conversation. It was rather a conversation between two than three. I listened more than I spoke.

"The hot weather has come at last," said M. Royer-Collard.

"Yes," replied M. Ballanche, "but it is too hot. The heat is already too much for me."

"What! are you not a Southerner, then?"

"No. This heat overpowers me. I submit to it. I resign myself."

"We must resign ourselves to the seasons as to men," said M. Royer-Collard.

"Resignation is the basis of everything."

"If we could not learn resignation," continued M. Royer-Collard, "we should die of rage." Then, after a moment's silence, and emphasizing his words in the manner peculiar to him: "I do not say we should die *in* a rage; I say we should die *of* rage."

“As for me, anger is no longer a part of my disposition. I have none left.”

“I no longer get angry,” rejoined M. Royer-Collard, “because I reflect that half-an-hour afterwards I shall no longer be angry.”

“And I,” replied M. Ballanche, “no longer get angry, because it upsets my mind.”

After a moment's silence he added with a smile: “The last time I was angry was at the period of the Coalition. The Coalition—yes, yes; the Coalition was my last fit of anger.”

“Even so early as that? I no longer got angry,” replied M. Royer-Collard. “I looked on at what was being done. I protested a great deal more inside than outside myself, as a man protests who does not speak. After that time, I remained three years longer in the Chamber. I regret it. It was three years too long. I remained too long in the Chamber; I should have retired from it sooner. Not, however, at the period of the Revolution of July; not at the period of the refusal of the oath of allegiance; my motives would have been misunderstood.”

I said: “You are right; there was in the Revolution of July a basis of justice which you cannot ignore; you were not one of those who could protest against it.”

“Neither did I do so,” replied M. Royer-Collard, smiling. “I do not blame those who acted otherwise than as I did. Everyone has his conscience, and in public affairs there are many ways of being honest. Men are honest according to their lights.”

He remained silent for a moment, as though scraping up his recollections; then he resumed:

"Well, after all, Charles X., too, was honest." Then he relapsed into silence.

I left him to ponder for a moment, and, wishing to know his innermost thoughts, I resumed :

"Whatever may have been said of him, he was, as a king, an honest man ; and whatever may have been said of him also, he only fell through his own fault. Historians may represent the matter as they please, but there it is. It was Charles X. who overthrew Charles X."

"Yes," replied M. Royer-Collard, at the same time nodding his head with a grave token of assent ; "it is true he overthrew himself ; he would have it. It is said he had bad advisers. It is false—false. No one advised him. It has been said that he consulted Cardinal de la F  rre, M. de Latil, M. de Polignac, his suite. Would to Heaven he had done so ! None of those who surrounded him had lost their heads as completely as he did ; none of them would have given him such bad advice as he gave himself. "All those who surrounded the King—those who were called the courtiers—were wiser than himself."

M. Royer-Collard remained silent for a moment, then continued, with a sad smile, which he often assumed during the conversation :

"Wiser, that is to say, less insane."

Another pause ; then he added :

"No, nobody advised him."

And after another pause :

"And nothing advised him. He had always, from his youth upwards, preserved his own identity. He was still the Count d'Artois ; he had not changed. Not to change, if one should live to be eighty years of age, that was the

only quality which he valued. He called that having a *personality*. He said that, since the Revolution, there had been in France and in the era only two men, M. de La Fayette and himself. He esteemed M. de La Fayette."

"As a matter of fact," I said, "they were two brains fashioned in very much the same way. But they harboured a different idea—that is all."

"And they were both of them constructed," continued M. Royer-Collard, "to pursue their idea to the end. Charles X. was destined to do what he did. It was fatal. I knew it; I was acquainted with the King. I saw him from time to time. As I was a Royalist, he used to receive me with friendliness, and treat me kindly. I readily foresaw the stroke which he was meditating. M. de Chateaubriand, however, did not believe in it. He came to see me on his return from his mission as Ambassador at Rome, and asked me what I thought of it. I told him how it was. Opinions were divided. The best authorities doubted whether such madness was possible. But I myself did not doubt. I may say, that on the day when I took up to the King the Address of the two hundred and twenty-one—it was towards the end of February, 1830—I read the events of July in his looks."

"How did he receive you?" I asked.

"Very coldly. With solemnity. With gentleness. I read the Address to him, simply but firmly, without emphasizing any of the passages, but without slurring any of them. The King listened to it as he would have done to anything else. When I had finished——" Here M. Royer-Collard stopped short, and then added, with the same sad smile: "What I am going to tell you is not

very king-like. When I had finished speaking—the king was seated on what was called the throne—he drew forth from under his thigh a paper, which he unfolded and read to us. It was his reply to our Address. He showed no anger. He showed a good deal two years previously, at the period of the other Address—you know, M. Balanche, that which was drawn up by M. Delalot. It was the custom to communicate the Address to the Chamber on the previous evening, so that the King might prepare his reply. When the King received the Delalot Address, in the presence of the Ministers, he burst into such a fit of rage, that his shouts could be heard from the Carrousel. He declared point-blank that he would not receive the Address, and that he would dissolve the Chamber. The King was in a state of fury, and this was at its height. The moment was a perilous one. M. de Portalis, who was then Keeper of the Seals, risked it. You know M. de Portalis, Monsieur Victor Hugo; I do not tell you he is a hero, but see the influence of a candid word upon an obstinate disposition. M. de Portalis, standing before Charles X., simply said to him: ‘If such are the intentions of the King for to-morrow, the King must give us now his orders for the day after to-morrow.’ Strange to say, these few words appeased the anger of Charles X.: *exigui pulveris jactu*. He turned with an air of vexation towards M. de Martignac, and said to him: ‘Well, Martignac, I will receive them; but sit down at the table, take a pen, and prepare me a plain and uncompromising reply, worthy of a king of France.’ M. de Martignac obeyed. As he wrote, the anger of the King further subsided; and when M. de

Martignac had finished, and he read to the King the draft of the answer, already much softened by the conciliatory disposition of Martignac, Charles X. seized the pen to strike out half of it, and tone down the remainder. That is how anger disappears—even the anger of a king; even the anger of a stubborn man; even the anger of Charles X."

At this moment, as the sitting had already begun a few minutes ago, the Director of the Académie (M. Flourens) rang his bell, and an usher cried: "To your seats, gentlemen."

M. Royer-Collard rose, and said to me: "But none of these details will be gathered up, and they will never appear in history."

"Perhaps," I replied.

1844.

KING LOUIS-PHILIPPE.

September.

KING Louis-Philippe said to me the other day :

“I was never in love but once in my life.”

“And who with, Sire?” “With Madame de Genlis.”

“Ah! but she was your tutor.”

The King laughed, and replied :

“As you say. And a strict tutor, I declare to you. She brought up my sister and myself quite ferociously. Getting up at six in the morning, summer and winter; fed upon milk, roast meats and bread; never any luxuries, never any sweetmeats; plenty of work and no play. It was she who accustomed me to sleep upon boards. She made me learn a great variety of manual work; thanks to her I can work a little at every trade, including that of a barber-surgeon. I bleed my man like Figaro. I am a cabinet-maker, a groom, a mason, a blacksmith. She was systematic and severe. From a very little boy I was afraid of her; I was a weak, lazy, and cowardly boy; I was afraid of mice! She made me a tolerably bold man, with some amount of spirit. As I grew up, I perceived that she was very pretty. I knew not what possessed me

when she was present. I was in love, and did not know it. She, who was an adept in the matter, understood, and guessed what it was at once. She used me very badly. It was at the time when she was intimate with Mirabeau. She constantly said to me: 'Come, now, Monsieur de Chartres, you great booby, why are you always at my skirts?' She was thirty-six years of age, I was seventeen."

The King, who saw that I was interested, continued :

"Madame de Genlis has been much talked about and little known. She has had children ascribed to her of whom she was not the mother, Pamela and Casimir. This is how it was : she loved anything beautiful or pretty, she liked to have smiling faces around her. Pamela was an orphan whom she took up on account of her beauty ; Casimir was the son of her doorkeeper. She thought the child charming ; the father used to beat the son ; ' Give him to me,' she said, one day.. The man consented, and that is how she got Casimir. In a little while Casimir became the master of the house. She was old then. Pamela she had in her youth, in our own time. Madame de Genlis adored Pamela. When it became necessary to go abroad, Madame de Genlis set out for London with my sister and a hundred louis in money.* She took Pamela to London. The ladies were wretched, and lived meagrely in furnished apartments. It was winter time. Really, Monsieur Hugo, they did not dine every day. The tit-bits were for Pamela. My poor sister sighed and was the victim, the Cinderella. That is just how it was. My sister and Pamela, in order to economise the wretched hundred louis, slept in the same

room. There were two beds, but only one blanket. My sister had it at first; but one evening Madame de Genlis said to her: 'You are well and strong; Pamela is very cold, I have put the blanket on her bed.' My sister was annoyed, but dared not rebel; she contented herself with shivering every night. However, my sister and myself loved Madame de Genlis."

Madame de Genlis died three months after the Revolution of July. She lived just long enough to see her pupil King. Louis-Philippe was really in some degree of her making; she had educated him as though she had been a man, and not a woman. She positively refused to crown her work with the supreme education of love. A strange thing this in a woman of so few scruples, that she should have first shaped the heart, and that she should have disdained to complete the work.

When she saw the Duke d'Orleans King, she simply said: "I am glad of it." Her last years were poor, and almost wretched. It is true she had no skill in management, and scattered her money broadcast in the gutter. The King often went to see her; he visited her up to the last days of her life. His sister, Madame Adelaide, and himself, never ceased to pay every kind of respect and deference to Madame de Genlis.

Madame de Genlis complained somewhat of what she called the stinginess of the King. She said: "He was a Prince, I made a man of him; he was clumsy, I made a ready man of him; he was a bore, I made an entertaining man of him; he was a coward, I have made a brave man of him; he was stingy, I could not make a generous man of him. Liberal if you like, generous, no."

September.

M. Guizot goes out every day after breakfast, at mid-day, and spends an hour at the residence of the Princess de Liéven, in the Rue Saint-Florentin. In the evening he returns, and except on official days, he spends his whole evenings there.

M. Guizot is fifty-seven years of age; the Princess is fifty-eight. With regard to this, the King said one evening to M. Duchâtel, Minister of the Interior: "Has not Guizot a friend to advise him? Let him beware of those North-country women. He does not understand them. When a North-country woman is old, and gets hold of a man younger than herself, she sucks him dry." Then the King bursts out laughing. M. Duchâtel, who is fat and stout, who wears whiskers, and who is forty-five years of age, turns very red.

October.

The King, when at home in the evening, does not usually wear any decoration. He is attired in a brown coat, black trousers, and a waistcoat of black satin or white piqué. He has a white cravat, silk stockings, with open-work in front, and polished shoes. He wears a grey toupet only slightly concealed, and arranged in the style of the Restoration. No gloves. He is lively, good-natured, affable, and chatty.

His travels in England delighted him. He spoke to

me about them for an hour and a half, with much gesticulation, accompanied by many imitations of English pronunciation and ways.

"I was exceedingly well received," he said. "Mobs of people, acclamations, salvoes of artillery, banquets, ceremonies, fêtes, visits from the Corporation, an address from the City of London, nothing was wanting. In all this, two things especially touched my feelings. Near Windsor, at a posting stage, a man who had run after my carriage, came and stood close to me at the window, shouting: '*Vive le roi! Vive le roi! Vive le roi!*' in French. Then he added, also in French: 'Sire, welcome to this old English nation; you are in a country which knows how to appreciate you.' That man had never seen me before and will never see me again. He expects nothing of me. It seemed to me as though it was the voice of the people. This affected me more than any other compliment. In France, at the next stage beyond Eu, a drunken man seeing me pass, shouted: 'There is the King come back; it is all right now: the English are satisfied, and the French will be at peace.' The contentment and peace of the two peoples, that indeed was my aim. Yes, I was well received in England. And, if the Emperor of Russia compared his reception with mine, it must have been quite painful to him, he is so vain. He went to England before me to prevent me from making my journey. It was a foolish proceeding. He would have done better to go after me. They would then have been obliged to treat him in the same way. In London, in particular, he is not liked. I do not know whether they would have got

the members of the Corporation to take the trouble to go and see him. Those aldermen are very resolute."

Louis-Philippe used to make great fun of the elder M. Dupin, who, thinking to heighten the refinements of Court language, calls Madame Adelaide, the sister of the King, *Ma belle demoiselle*.

SAINT CLOUD.

November.

The King yesterday looked fatigued and careworn. When he perceived me, he led me into the apartment behind the Queen's room and said to me, as he showed me a large-sized tapestry couch, with parrots worked upon it in medallions: "Let us sit down on these birds." Then he took my hand, and said, in a somewhat bitter tone of complaint: "Monsieur Hugo, I am misunderstood. I am said to be proud, I am said to be clever. That means that I am a traitor. It grieves me. I am simply an honest man. I go the straight road. Those who are acquainted with me know that I am not wanting in frankness. Thiers, when he was acting with me, told me one day that we were disagreed: 'Sire, you are proud, but I am prouder than you.' 'The proof that that is not so,' I replied, 'is that you tell me so.' M. de Talleyrand said to me one day: 'You will never make anything of Thiers, who, for all that, would be an excellent instrument. But he is one of those men who can only

be used on condition of satisfying their requirements. And he will never be satisfied. The misfortune for himself as well as for you is that there is no longer any possibility of his being a Cardinal.' Thiers is clever, but he has too much of the conceit of a self-made man. Guizot is better. He is a man of weight, a fulcrum; the species is a rare one, and I appreciate it. He is superior even to Casimir Périér, who had a narrow mind. His was the soul of a banker, weighted to earth like an iron-chest. Ah! How rare is a true minister! They are all like schoolboys. The attendances at the Council are irksome to them; the most important affairs are disposed of at a gallop. They are in a hurry to be off to their departments, their commissions, their offices, their gossipings. In the period which followed 1830, they had a look of uneasiness and humiliation when I presided. Moreover, no real appreciation of power, little grandeur at heart, no sustained aim in policy, no persistency of will. They leave the Council as a boy leaves his class-room. On the day he left the Ministry, the Duke de Broglie jumped for joy in the Council chamber. Marshal Solt arrives. 'What is the matter with you, my dear Duke?' 'Marshal, we are leaving the Ministry.' 'You entered it like a wise man,' said the Marshal, who had humour, 'and you leave it like a madman.' Count Molé now, had a way of yielding to me and resisting at one and the same time. 'I am of the King's opinion as to the general question, but not as to the expediency.' Monsieur Hugo, if you only knew how things go on sometimes at the Council! The Right of Search treaty, the famous Right of Search, would you believe it, was not even read

at the Council? Marshal Sebastiani, at that time Minister, said: 'Pray read the treaty, gentlemen.' I said: 'My dear Ministers, pray read the treaty.' 'Oh, we have no time, we know what it is; let the King sign it,' they said. And I signed."

1845.

VILLEMAIN.

December 7th.

DURING the first days of December, 1845, I called on Villemain. I had not seen him since the 3rd of July, exactly five months previously. Villemain had been seized during the last days of December, 1844, with the cruel complaint which marked the close of his political career.

It was cold, the weather was melancholy, I was melancholy myself: this was the time to go and console somebody. Consequently I went to see Villemain.

He was then living in the rooms allotted to the life-Secretary of the Académie Française, on the second floor of the right-hand staircase, at the far end of the second courtyard of the Institute. I ascended this staircase and rang at the door on the right; no one came. I rang a second time; the door opened. It was Villemain himself. He was pale, dejected, attired in a long black frock-coat, buttoned at the top with one solitary button, his gray hair unkempt. He looked at me with a melancholy look, and said without a smile: "Ah! it is you; good morning."

♦

Then he added : " I am alone ; I do not know where my servants are ; come in . "

He led me through a long corridor into an apartment, and thence into his bedroom. The whole abode is depressing, and seems in some way like the attic of a convent. In the bedroom, lighted by two windows opening on the courtyard, the only furniture was a mahogany bedstead, without curtains or counterpane ; a sheet of white paper carelessly thrown upon the bed ; one or two horsehair chairs ; a chest of drawers between the two windows, and a writing-table covered with papers, books, newspapers, and opened letters. Nearly all these letters had printed headings, such as : *House of Peers, Institute of France, Council of State, Journal des Savants, &c.* Upon the mantelpiece, the *Moniteur* of the day, a few letters and a few books, among them the History of the Consulate and the Empire by M. de Lacretelle, which has just appeared.

Near the bed was a child's cot with mahogany rails, covered with a green counterpane. Upon the wall, opposite the bed, hang three frames containing the lithographed portrait of Villemain and the portraits of the two eldest of his little daughters, painted in oil and tolerably like. Upon the mantelpiece a clock, which is out of order, and shews the wrong time ; in the fireplace, a fire nearly out.

Villemain made me sit down and took hold of my hands. He was rather disordered looking, but gentle and earnest. He asked me what I had been doing this summer, and said he had been on a journey, spoke of one or two common friends,—some with affection, others

with distrust. Then his appearance became calmer, and he conversed for a quarter-of-an-hour on literary topics, adopting a high tone, clear, simple, elegant, thoughtful, although still gloomy and not laughing once.

Suddenly, he looked straight at me and said: "I have a painful matter in my mind, I am in trouble, I have distressing anxieties. If you only knew what conspiracies there are against me!"

"Villemain," I said, "be calm."

"No," he rejoined, "it is really dreadful." After a pause, he added, as though speaking to himself: "They began by separating me from my wife. I loved her, and still love her. She had some mental failing; that may have engendered delusions. But what is much more certain is that they succeeded in arousing in her an antipathy towards me, and then they separated me from her, and afterwards separated my children from me. Those poor little girls are charming. You saw them; they are my delight. Well, I do not dare to go and see them, and when I see them I simply assure myself that they are well, that they are bright and gay and fresh-looking, and I am afraid even to kiss them on the forehead. Great Heavens, my very touch would be made an excuse, perhaps, for harming them. How do I know what devices they are capable of? Therefore, I am separated from my wife, separated from my children, and now I am alone."

After a pause, he continued:—"No, I am not alone. I am not even alone. I have enemies, everywhere—here, outside, around me, in my dwelling. The fact is, my friend, that I made a mistake; I ought not to have entered

upon political affairs. To succeed in them, to be firm and strong, I should have had a support; an internal support, happiness; an external support some one." (He referred, doubtless, to the King.) "These supports both failed me. I foolishly threw myself amidst men's hatreds. I was naked and unarmed. They fell violently upon me; at present I have done with everything."

Then suddenly looking at me with a certain look of anguish: "My friend, whatever may be said to you, whatever you may be told, whatever may be alleged about me, my friend, promise me that you will not believe any of the calumnies. They are so scandalous. My life is very gloomy, but quite blameless. If you only knew what things they concoct; they are inconceivable. Oh! how infamous they are. It is enough to drive me mad. If it were not for my little girls, I should kill myself. Do you know what they say? Oh! I will not repeat it They say that at night, workmen come in through that window to sleep in my bed."

I burst out laughing. "And that distresses you? Why, it is foolish and absurd."

"Yes," he said, "I am on the second floor, but they are so cunning that they put great ladders at night against the wall to make people believe it. And when I think that these things, these villainies, are secretly told and openly believed, and—— no one defends me. Some look on me coldly, others with dissimulation. Victor Hugo, swear to me that you will not believe any calumny."

He stood up. I was profoundly touched ; I said a few kind and friendly words to quiet him.

He continued :

“Ah ! What abominable hatreds ! This is how it began. When I went out of doors, they managed so that everything I saw should have an ominous look. I met only men buttoned up to the chin, people dressed in red, extraordinary costumes ; women dressed half in black, half in violet, who looked at me and shouted for joy ; and everywhere hearses of little children followed by other little children, some in black, others in white. You will tell me : ‘ But those are mere omens, and a vigorous mind is not disturbed by omens.’ Well, I know that. It is not the omens which alarm me, it is the thought that I was so much hated that people took all this trouble to bring round about me so many depressing sights. If a man hates me sufficiently to surround me constantly with a flight of crows, what appals me is not the crows, but his hatred.”

Here I again interrupted him. “ You have enemies,” I said to him ; “ but you also have friends, think of that.”

He abruptly withdrew his hands from mine. “ Now, just listen to what I am going to say to you, Victor Hugo, and you will know what I have in my mind. You will be able to tell how I suffer and how my enemies have succeeded in destroying all confidence and excluding all the light from within me. I no longer know what I am doing, or what is wanted of me. Now, you, for instance, are as noble a man as any that exists. You are of the blood of La Vendée, of military blood ; I will go further, and say of warriors’ blood ; there is nothing in you that

is not pure and loyal ; you are independent of everybody ; I have known you for twenty years, and I have never seen you do any act which was not upright and honourable. Well, you may imagine my misery, for in my soul and conscience, I am, not sure you have not been sent here by my enemies to spy upon me."

He was in such anguish that I could not but pity him. I took his hand once more. He looked at me with a haggard look.

"Villemain," I said, "doubt that the sky is blue, but do not doubt that the friend who addresses you is loyal."

"Forgive me," he rejoined, "forgive me. Ah! I know the things I have been saying are absurd. You, at least, have never failed me, although you may have had sometimes to complain of me. But I have so many enemies. If you only knew! This house is full of them. They are everywhere, concealed, invisible; they beset me. I feel that their ears are listening to me, I feel that their looks are fixed upon me. What an anxiety it is to live like this!"

At this moment, by one of those strange coincidences which sometimes happen as though by design, a little door hidden in the wainscoting near the fireplace suddenly opened. He turned round on hearing the noise.

"What is it?" He went to the door. It communicated with a little corridor. He looked into the corridor.

"Is there any one there?" he asked.

There was no one.

"It is the wind," I said.

He came back to me, placed his finger on his lips,

looked straight at me, and said in a low tone, and with an indescribable tone of horror, "Oh! no."

Then he remained for some moments motionless and silent, with his finger upon his lips like someone listening for something, and with his eyes half turned towards the door, which he had left open.

I felt that it was time to speak earnestly to him. I made him sit down again, and took him by the hand.

"Listen, Villemain," I said, "you have your enemies, numerous enemies, I admit——" He interrupted me, his face lighted up with a sad joy.

"Ah!" he said, "you, at all events, admit it. All these fools tell me that I have no enemies, and that I am dreaming."

"Yes," I replied, "you have your enemies; but who has not? Guizot has enemies, Thiers has enemies, Lamartine has enemies. Have I not myself been fighting for twenty years? Have I not been for twenty years past hated, rended, sold, betrayed, reviled, hooted, taunted, insulted, calumniated? Have not my books been parodied and my deeds travestied? I also am beset and spied upon, I also have traps set for me, and I have even been made to fall in them. Who knows that I was not followed this very day as I came from my house to yours? But what is all that to me? I disdain it. It is one of the most difficult yet necessary things in life to learn to disdain. Disdain protects and crushes. It is a breastplate and a club. You have enemies? Why, it is the story of every man who has done a great deed or created a new idea. It is the cloud which thunders around everything which shines. Fame must have

enemies, as light must have gnats. Do not bother yourself about it; disdain. Keep your mind serene as you keep your life clear. Do not give your enemies the satisfaction of thinking that they cause you grief or pain. Be happy, be cheerful, be disdainful, be firm."

He shook his head sadly. "That is easy for you to say, Victor Hugo. As for me, I am weak. Oh! I know myself. I know my limitations. I have some talent in writing, but I do not know how far it goes; I have some precision of thought, but I do not know how far it goes. I am soon fatigued. I have no staying power. I am weak, irresolute, hesitating. I have not done all that I could have done. In the realms of thought, I do not possess all that is needful for creating. In the sphere of action, I do not possess all that is needful for struggling. Strength is precisely what I am wanting in. And disdain is a form of strength."

He was lost in thought for a moment, then added, this time with a smile: "Anyhow, you have done me good; you have quieted me, I feel better. Equipanimity is infectious. Oh! if I could only bring myself to treat my enemies as you treat yours."

At this moment the door opened, and two persons entered, a M. Fortoul, I think, and a nephew of Villemann's. I rose.

"Are you going already?" he said to me.

He conducted me through the corridor as far as the staircase. "There, my friend," he said to me, "I believe in you."

"Well," I said, "I have told you to despise your enemies. Do so. But you have two whom you must

take into account, and of whom you must rid yourself. These two enemies are solitude and brooding. Solitude brings sadness; brooding brings uneasiness. Do not remain alone, and never brood. Move about, go out, walk, mix your ideas with the surrounding air, breathe freely and with long breaths, visit your friends, come and see me."

"But will you be at home to me?" he said.

"I shall be delighted."

"When?"

"Every evening if you like."

He hesitated, then said: "Well, I will come. I want to see you often. You have done me good. Good-bye. I shall see you before long."

He hesitated again, then added:

"But supposing I do not come?"

"Then," I said, "I shall come to you."

I shook hands with him and went down the stairs.

As I reached the bottom, and was about to step into the courtyard, I heard his voice saying, "I shall see you before long, eh?" I looked up. He had come down one flight of stairs to bid me good-bye with a gentle smile.

1846.

ATTEMPT OF LECOMTE.

May 31st.

THE Court of Peers is summoned to try the case of another attempt upon the person of the King.

On the 16th of April last the King went for a drive in the forest of Fontainebleau, in a char à bancs. At his side was M. de Montalivet, and behind him were the Queen and several of their children. They were returning home towards six o'clock, and were passing by the walls of the Avon enclosure, when two gunshots were fired from the left. No one was hit. Rangers, gendarmes, officers of hussars who escorted the King, all sprang forward. A groom climbed over the wall and seized a man whose face was half masked with a neckerchief. He was an ex-Ranger-general of the forests of the Crown, who had been dismissed from his post eighteen months before for a grave dereliction of duty.

June 1st, midday.

The orators' tribune and the President's chair have been removed.

The accused is seated on the spot where the tribune usually stands, and is placed with his back to a green baize curtain, placed there for the trial, between four gendarmes with grenadiers' hats, yellow shoulder-straps and red plumes. In front of him are five barristers, with white bands at their necks and black robes. The one in the centre has the Cross of the Legion of Honour and grey hair. It is Maître Duvergier, the *Bâtonnier*.* Behind the prisoner, red benches, occupied by spectators, cover the semicircle where the Chancellor usually presides.

The prisoner is forty-eight years of age; he does not appear to be more than about thirty-six. He has nothing in his appearance which would suggest the deed which he has done. It is one of those calm and almost insignificant countenances which impress rather favourably than otherwise. General Voirol, who sits beside me, says to me: "He looks a good-natured fellow." However, a dark look gradually overspreads the face, which is somewhat handsome, although of a vulgar type, and he looks like an ill-natured fellow. From the seat which I occupy, his hair and moustache appear black. He has a long face with ruddy cheeks. He casts his eyes almost

* The *Bâtonnier* is the head of the Bar, and presides over the Council which regulates the etiquette of the profession.—*Translator's note.*

continually downwards ; when he raises them, every now and then, he looks right up at the ceiling ; if he were a fanatic, I should say up to Heaven. He has a black cravat, a white shirt, and an old black frock-coat, with a single row of buttons, and wears no ribbon although belonging to the Legion of Honour.

General Berthuzène leans forward towards me, and tells me that Lecomte yesterday remained quiet all day, but that he became furious when he was refused a new black frock-coat which he had asked for to *appear in before the High Court*. This is a trait of character.

While the names of the Peers were being called over his eyes wandered here and there. To the preliminary questions of the Chancellor he replied in a low tone of voice. Some of the Peers called out : " Speak up ! " The Chancellor told him to look towards the Court.

The witnesses were brought in, amongst whom were one or two women, very stylishly dressed, and some peasant women. They are on my right, in the lobby on the left of the tribune. M. Decazes walks about among the witnesses. M. de Montalivet, the first witness, is called. He wears the red ribbon, together with two stars, one of a foreign order. He comes in limping on account of his gout. A footman, in a russet livery with a red collar, assists him.

I have examined the articles brought forward in support of the indictment, which are in the right-hand passage. The gun is double-barrelled, with twisted barrels, the breech ornamented with arabesques in the style of the Renaissance ; it is almost a fancy weapon. The

blouse worn by the assassin is blue, tolerably well worn. The neckerchief with which he hid his face is a cotton neckerchief, coffee coloured, with white stripes. On these articles is hung a small card bearing the signatures of the prosecuting officials and the signature of *Pierre Lecomte*.

June 5th.

During an interval in the sitting I observed the man from a short distance. He looks his age. He has the tanned skin of a huntsman and the faded skin of a prisoner. When he speaks, when he becomes animated, when he stands upright, his appearance becomes strange. His gesture is abrupt, his attitude fierce. His right eyebrow rises towards the corner of his forehead and gives him an indescribably wild and diabolical appearance. He speaks in a muffled but firm tone.

At one point, explaining his crime, he said :

“I stopped on the 15th of April at the Place du Carrousel. It was raining. I stood under a projecting roof and looked mechanically at some engravings. There was a conversation going on in the shop at the side, where there were three men and a woman. I listened mechanically also. I felt sad. Suddenly I heard the name of the King; they were talking of the King. I looked at these men. I recognized them as servants at the Castle. They said that the King would go the next day to Fontainebleau. At that instant my idea appeared. It

appeared to me plainly, dreadfully. It left off raining. I stretched out my hand from beneath the projection of the roof. I found that it no longer rained, and I went away. I returned home to my room, to my little room, bare of furniture and wretched. I remained there alone for three hours. I mused, I pondered, I was very unhappy. My project continually recurred. And then the rain began to come down again. The weather was gloomy; a strong wind was blowing; the sky was nearly black. I felt like a madman. Suddenly I got up. It was settled. I had made up my mind. That is how the idea came into my head."

At another moment, when the Chancellor said that the crime was without a motive, he said:

"How so? I wrote to the King, once, twice, three times. The King did not reply. Oh! then . . ."

He did not finish what he had to say; but his fist clutched the rail fiercely. At this moment he was terrific. He was a veritable wild man. He sits down. He is now composed. Calm and fierce.

While the Procurator-General spoke, he moved about like a wolf, and appeared furious. When his counsel (Duvergier) spoke, tears came into his eyes. They ran down his cheeks, heavy and perceptible.

June 6th.

This is how it takes place. On his name being called in a loud voice by the clerk of the Court, each Peer rises and pronounces sentence also in a loud voice.

The thirty-two Peers who have voted before me have all declared for the parricide's penalty. One or two have mitigated this to capital punishment.

When my turn came, I rose and said :

" Considering the enormity of the crime and the smallness of the motive, it is impossible for me to believe that the delinquent acted in the full possession of his moral liberty, of his will. I do not think he is a human creature having an exact perception of his ideas and a clear consciousness of his actions. I cannot sentence this man to any other punishment but imprisonment for life."

I said these words in very loud tones. At the first words all the Peers turned round and listened to me in the midst of a silence which seemed to invite me to continue. I stopped short there, however, and sat down again.

The calling of the names continued. .

The Marquis de Boissy said :

" We have heard these solemn words. Viscount Victor Hugo has given utterance to an opinion which deeply impresses me, and to which I give my adhesion. I think, with him, that the delinquent is not in full possession of his reason. I declare for imprisonment for life."

The calling of the names continues with the lugubriously monotonous rejoinder : " Capital punishment, parricide's penalty."

Proceeding by seniority, according to the dates at which the members of the House have taken their seats, the list comes down to the names of the oldest Peers. Viscount Dubouchage being called in his turn, said :

“Being already uneasy in my mind during the trial, owing to the manner of the accused, but fully convinced by the observations of M. Victor Hugo, I declare that, in my opinion, the delinquent is not of sound mind. Viscount Hugo gave the reasons for this opinion in a few words, but in a way which appears to me conclusive. I support him in his vote, and I declare, like himself, for imprisonment for life.”

The other Peers, of whom a very small number remained, all voted for the parricide's penalty.

The Chancellor, being called on last, rose and said :

“I declare for the parricide's penalty. Now a second vote will be taken. The first vote is only provisional, the second alone is final. All are, therefore, at liberty to retract or confirm their votes. An opinion worthy of profound consideration in itself, not less worthy of consideration owing to the quarter whence it emanates, has been put forward with authority, although supported by a very small minority, during the progress of the voting. I think it right to declare here that during the continuance of the long enquiry preceding the prosecution; during seven weeks, I saw the accused every day, I examined him, pressed him, questioned him, and, as old Parliamentarians say, ‘turned him round’ in every direction. Never for a single moment was his clearness of perception obscured. I always found that he reasoned correctly according to the frightful logic of his deed, but without mental derangement, as also without repentance. He is

not a madman. He is a man who knows what he wanted to do, and who admits what he has done. Let him suffer the consequences."

The second call has begun. The number of Peers voting for the parricide's penalty has increased. On my name being called, I rose. I said :

"The Court will appreciate the scruples of one in whose conscience such formidable questions are suddenly agitated for the first time. This moment, my lords, is a solemn one for all, for no one more than for myself. For eighteen years past I have had fixed and definite ideas upon the subject of irreparable penalties. Those ideas you are acquainted with. As a mere author, I have published them ; as a politician, with God's help, I will apply them. As a general rule, irreparable penalties are repugnant to me ; in no particular instance do I approve of them. I have listened attentively to the observations of the Chancellor. They are weighty, coming from so eminent a mind. I am struck by the imposing unanimity of this imposing assembly. But, while the opinion of the Chancellor and the unanimity of the Court are much, from the point of view of discussion, they are nothing in face of one's conscience. Before the speeches began, I read, re-read, studied all the documents of the trial ; during the pleadings, I studied the attitude, the looks, the gestures, I scrutinised the soul of the accused. Well, I tell this Court, composed as it is of just men, and I tell the Chancellor, whose opinion has so much weight, that I persist in my vote. The accused has led a solitary life. Solitude is good for great, and bad for little minds. Solitude disorders those minds which it does not en-

lighten. Pierre Lecomte, a solitary man with a small mind, was necessarily destined to become a savage man with a disordered mind. The attempt upon the King, the attempt on a father, at such a time, when he was surrounded by his family; the attempt upon a small crowd of women and children, death dealt out haphazard, twenty possible crimes inextricably added to a crime determined upon,—there is the deed. It is monstrous. Now, let us examine the motive. Here it is: A deduction of twenty francs out of an annual allowance, a resignation accepted, three letters remaining unanswered. How can one fail to be struck by such a reconciliation and such an abyss? I repeat, in conclusion, in the presence of these two extremes, the most monstrous crime, the most insignificant motive, it is evident to me that the thing is absurd, that the mind which has made such a reconciliation and crossed such an abyss, is an illogical mind, and that this delinquent, this assassin, this wild and solitary man, this fierce, savage being, is a madman. To a doctor, perhaps, he is not a madman; to a moralist he certainly is. I will add that policy is here in harmony with justice, and that it is always well to deny human reason to a crime which revolts against nature, and shakes society in its foundations. I adhere to my vote."

The Peers listened to me with profound and sympathetic attention. M. de Boissy and M. Dubouchage remained firm, as I did.

There were 232 voters. This is how the votes were distributed:—

196 for the parricide's penalty ;
 83 for capital punishment ;
 8 for imprisonment for life.

The entire House of Peers may be said to have been displeased at the execution of Lecomte. He had been condemned in order that he might be pardoned. It was an opportunity for mercy held out to the King. The King eagerly seized such opportunities, and the House knew this. When it learned that the execution had actually taken place, it was surprised, almost hurt.

Immediately after the condemnation, the Chancellor and Chief President Franck-Carré were summoned by the King. M. Franck-Carré was the Peer who had been delegated to draw up the case. They went to the King in the Chancellor's carriage. M. Franck-Carré, although he voted for the parricide's penalty, was openly in favour of a pardon. The Chancellor also leant in this direction, although he would not declare himself on the subject. On the way he said to President Frank-Carré: "I directed the enquiry, I directed the prosecution, I directed the trial. I had some influence over the vote, I will not give my opinion on the subject of a pardon. I have enough responsibility as it is. They will do what they like."

In the cabinet of the King he respectfully adopted the same tone. He declined to commit himself to a definite opinion on the subject of a pardon. President Frank-

Carré was explicit. The King saw what was the real opinion of the Chancellor.

Maitre Duvergier had conceived an affection for his client, as a barrister always does for the client he has to defend. It is a common result. The Public Prosecutor ends by hating the accused, and the counsel for the defence by loving him. Lecomte was sentenced on a Friday. On the Saturday, M. Duvergier went to see the King. The King received him in a friendly manner, but said: "I will see about it; I will consider it. The matter is a grave one. My danger is the danger of all. My life is of consequence to France, so that I must defend it. However, I will think the matter over. You know that I detest capital punishment. Every time I have to sign the dismissal of an appeal for a pardon I am the first to suffer. All my inclinations, all my instincts, all my convictions are on the other side. However, I am a Constitutional King; I have Ministers who decide. And then naturally I must think a little of myself too."

M. Duvergier was dreadfully grieved. He saw that the King would not grant a pardon.

The Council of Ministers was unanimously in favour of the execution of the sentence of the Court of Peers.

On the following day, Sunday, M. Duvergier received by express a letter from the Keeper of the Seals, Martin du Nord, announcing to him that *the King thought it right to decide that the law should take its course*. He was still under the influence of the first shock of hope definitively shattered, when a fresh express arrived. Another letter. The Keeper of the Seals informed the Bâtonnier that the King, wishing to accord to the con-

damned man, Pierre Lecomte, a further token of his goodwill, had decided that the yearly allowance of the said Lecomte should revert to his sister for her lifetime, and that His Majesty had placed an immediate sum of three thousand francs at the disposal of the sister for her assistance. "I thought, M. le Bâtonnier," said the Keeper of the Seals, in conclusion, "that it would be agreeable to you to communicate yourself to the unhappy woman this evidence of the royal favour."

M. Duvergier thought he had made some mistake in reading the first letter. "A further token," he said to one of his friends, who was present. "I was mistaken, then. The King grants the pardon." But he re-read the letter, and saw that he had read it only too correctly. A further token remained inexplicable to him. He refused to accept the commission which the Keeper of the Seals asked him to undertake.

As to the sister of Lecomte, she refused the three thousand francs and the pension; she refused them, with something of scorn and also of dignity. "Tell the King," she said, "that I thank him. I should have thanked him better for something else. Tell him that I do not forget my brother so quickly as to take his spoils. This is not the boon that I expected of the King. I want nothing. I am very unhappy and miserable, I am nearly starving of hunger, but it pleases me to die like this, since my brother died like that. He who causes the death of the brother, has no right to support the sister."

M. Marilhac plays throughout this affair a lugubriously active part. He was a member of the Commission of the

Peers during the preliminaries to the trial. He wanted to omit from the brief for the prosecution the letter of Doctor Gallois, in which he spoke of Lecomte as a madman. It was at one moment proposed to suppress the letter.

Lecomte displayed some courage. At the last moment, however, on the night preceding the execution, he asked, towards two o'clock, to see the Procurator-General, M. Hébert, and M. Hébert, on leaving him after an interview of a quarter of an hour, said: "He has completely collapsed; the mind is gone."

June 12th.

I dined yesterday at the house of M. Decazes with Lord Palmerston and Lord Lansdowne.

Lord Palmerston is a stout, short, fair man, who is said to be a good talker. His face is full, round, broad, red, merry and shrewd, slightly vulgar. He wore a red ribbon and a star, which I think is that of the Bath.

The Marquis of Lansdowne affords a striking contrast to Lord Palmerston. He is tall, dark, spare, grave and courteous, with an air of breeding, a gentleman. He had a star upon his coat, and round his neck a dark-blue ribbon to which hung a gold-enamelled decoration, round-shaped, and surmounted by the Irish harp.

M. Decazes brought these two gentlemen to meet me. We spoke for some minutes of Ireland, of bread-stuffs, and of the potato disease.

"Ireland's disease is graver still," I said to Lord Palmerston.

"Yes," he replied; "the Irish peasants are very wretched. Now, your country folk are happy. Ah! You are favoured by the skies. What a climate is that of France!"

"Yes, my Lord," I rejoined, "but you are favoured by the sea. What a citadel is England!"

Lady Palmerston is graceful and talks well. She must have been charming at one time. She is no longer young. Lord Palmerston married her four years ago, after a mutual passion which had lasted for thirty years. I conclude from this that Lord Palmerston belongs a little to history and a great deal to romance.

At table, I was between M. de Montalivet and Alexandre Dumas. M. de Montalivet wore the cross of the Legion of Honour, and Alexandre Dumas the cross of an order, which he told me was that of St. John, and which I believe to be Piedmontese.

I led up in conversation with M. Montalivet to the event of the 16th of April. He was, it is well known, in the *char à bancs* by the King's side.

"What were you conversing with the King about at the moment of the report?" I said.

"I cannot remember," he replied. "I took the liberty of questioning the King upon this subject. He could not recall it either. The bullet of Lecomte destroyed something in our memory. All I know is that while our conversation was not important, we were very intent upon it. If it had not absorbed our attention, we should certainly have perceived Lecomte when he stood

up above us to fire; the King, at all events, would have done so, for I myself was turning my back somewhat to speak to the King. All that I remember is that I was gesticulating very much at the moment. When the first shot was fired, some one in the suite cried: 'It is a huntsman unloading his gun.' I said to the King: 'A strange kind of huntsman to fire the remains of his powder at kings.' As I finished speaking, the second shot went off. I cried: 'It is an assassin!' 'Oh!' said the King, 'not so fast; do not let us judge too hastily. Wait, we shall see what it means.' You see in that the character of the King, do you not? Calm and serene in the presence of the man who has just fired at him, almost kindly. At this moment, the Queen touched me gently on the shoulder; I turned round. She shewed me, without uttering a word, the wadding of the gun which had fallen upon her lap, and which she had just picked up. There was a certain calmness in this silence which was solemn and touching. The Queen, when the carriage leans over a little, trembles for fear, she will be upset; she makes the sign of the cross when it thunders; she is afraid of a display of fireworks; she alights when a bridge has to be crossed. When the King is fired upon in her presence she is calm."

ATTEMPT OF JOSEPH HENRI.


July 29th, Midnight.

SUZANNE, the chambermaid, has just returned home. She has been to the *fête* to see the fireworks. On coming in—she was radiant—she said: “Oh! what a lucky thing, madam. It was my cousin who arrested the man who fired upon the King.” “What! Has anyone fired at the King?” “Yes, and my cousin arrested the man. What a lucky thing! It was this evening, just now. The King was on the balcony. The man fired two pistol-shots together, and missed the King. Oh! how people applauded! The King was pleased. He pointed out himself where the smoke came from. But my cousin, who is a policeman in plain clothes, was there close to the man. He only had to turn round. He took the man into custody.” “What is his name?” “Joseph Legros.” “The assassin?” “No, my cousin. He is a tall fellow. The man is little. I do not know his name. I have forgotten it. He looked sad; he pretended to be crying. When he was taken away, he said: ‘Oh! dear, I must die then.’ He is fifty years old. Some gold was found on him. I should think he will have a bad time of it to-night. My cousin is delighted, and the curé also is delighted.” (This is a canon of Notre-Dame who resides

in the same building as the cousin in the police.) "What luck, eh! Madam, what luck!"

July 30th.

There is close to herè, in the Rue de Limoges, a house with a carriage-way of solemn and gloomy appearance, some old court-house, with a little square yard. On the left-hand side of the door is a great black board, in the centre of which are the Arms of France. Upon this board is an inscription in wooden letters, formerly gilt, and running thus:

SOUVENIRS & USEFUL ARTICLES for Ladies.		OFFICE REQUISITES of every kind.
MANUFACTORY OF FANCY ARTICLES IN EMBOSSED STEEL AND OTHER GOODS.		
§ — JOSEPH HENRI — §		

Joseph Henri is the assassin. He has a wife and three children.

On the right-hand side in the courtyard there is a house-door, above which is seen :

JOSEPH HENRI.

THE WAREHOUSE IS ON THE FIRST FLOOR.

The whole house is of a fallen and dismal appearance.

August 1st.

The day before yesterday I went to inscribe my name at the palace of the King, who has gone to Eu. This is done upon a kind of register, with a green parchment back like a laundress's book. There are five registers, one for each member of the Royal family. Every evening the registers are forwarded to the King, and the Queen carefully reads them.

I do not suppose people inscribed their names at the residence of Louis XIV. or of Napoleon.

This reminds me of the first time I dined at the Tuileries. A month afterwards I met M. de Rémusat, who was among the guests, and who says : "Have you paid your visit of digestion?"

Homely manners are charming and graceful, but they go rather too far sometimes. I thoroughly understand royalty living a homely life, but this granted, I prefer the patriarchal style to the homely style. Patriarchal life is as simple as homely life, and as majestic as royal life.

M. Lebrun, who came to leave his name at the same time as I did, was telling me that a few years ago the King of the Belgians was at the Tuileries. M. Lebrun goes to see him. He speaks to the hall-porter. "Can I see the King of the Belgians, please?" "The King of the Belgians? Oh! yes, sir, in the second courtyard through the little door. Go up to the third floor and turn to the left along the corridor. The King of the Belgians is No. 9."

The Prince de Joinville lives in a little attic at the Tuileries. The Duke of Saxe-Coburg is lodged in the Louvre in a corridor. Like the King of the Belgians, he has his card nailed upon the door: Duke of Saxe-Coburg.

August 25th.

The trial of Joseph Henri begins to-day in the Court of Peers.

The prisoner is brought in after the Court is seated by four gendarmes, of whom two hold him by the arms. There were six to Lecomte. Joseph Henri is a little man, who appears over fifty years of age. He is dressed in a black frock-coat, he has a black silk waistcoat and black cravat, whiskers, black hair, a long nose. He wears eye-glasses.

He enters, bows three times to the Court, as an actor bows to the pit, and sits down. During the calling of the names he takes snuff with a profound look of ease.

The Chancellor tells him to rise, and asks him his surname and Christian names. He replies in a low tone of voice, in a subdued and timid manner. "Speak louder," said the Chancellor. The prisoner repeats his replies loudly and very distinctly. He looks like a worthy citizen who is taking out a passport, and who is being questioned by the government employé. He sits down and whispers a few words to his counsel, M. Baroche, Batonnier of the order of barristers. There are five barristers at the bar. Among the crowd which throngs the semi-circle behind the prisoner is a priest. Not far from the priest is a Turk.

The prisoner is so short that when he stands up he does not reach above the heads of the gendarmes seated beside him. From time to time he blows his nose loudly in a white handkerchief with blue squares. He has the appearance of a country registrar. His person altogether suggests something ineffably mild, sad and subdued. Every now and then, however, he holds his head in his two hands, and a look of despair penetrates through the air of indifference. He is, in fact, despairing and indifferent at one and the same time. When the Procurator-General and the Chancellor tell him that he is playing a part, he looks at them without any appearance of resentment, and like a man who does not understand.

He speaks a great deal, rather fast, sometimes in low, at others in very loud, tones. He appears to see things only through a veil, and to hear only through a screen. One would imagine there was a wall, barely transparent, between the real world and himself. He looks fixedly, just as if he is seeking to make out things and dis-

tinguish faces from behind a barrier. He utters rambling words in a subdued manner. They have a meaning, however, for a thoughtful person.

He concludes a long explanation thus: "My crime is without a stain. At present my soul is as in a labyrinth."

The Procurator-General said to him: "I am not to be imposed on by you. You have an object, and that is to escape the death penalty by appearing to invite it, and in this way to secure some less grave penalty."

"Pooh!" he exclaimed, "how can you say so? Other penalties are a punishment, the penalty of death is annihilation."

He stood musing for a moment, and then added: "For eighteen years my mind has suffered. I do not know what state my mind is in; I cannot say. But you see I am not trying to play the madman."

"You had," the Chancellor said, "ferocious ideas."

He replies: "I had no ferocious ideas; I had only ideas" (here he indicates with a gesture an imaginary flight of birds hovering round his head) "which I thought came to me from God."

Then he remains silent for a moment, and continues, almost violently: "I have suffered a great deal, a great deal" (folding his arms). "And do you think I suffer no longer?"

Objection is made to certain passages of what he has written.

"Just as you please. All that I have written I have written, written, written; but I have not read it."

At another moment he breaks out unexpectedly

amidst the examination with this : "I have beliefs. My principal belief is that there are rewards and punishments above."

The names of all the regicides, of Fieschi, of Alibaud, of Legointe, are mentioned to him. His face becomes clouded, and he exclaims : "How is it you speak to me of all those whose names you have just mentioned ?"

At this moment Viennet comes to the back of me and says : "He is not a madman, he is a fool."

For myself I should have said the precise contrary.

He is asked : "Why did you write to M. de Lamartine and M. Raspail ?"

He replies : "Because I had read some of their writings, and they appeared to me to be philanthropists ; and because I thought that philanthropy should not be found only in a pen point."

He frequently concludes his replies with this word addressed to the Court, and uttered almost in a whisper : "*Appreciate !*"

The Procurator-General recapitulates all the charges, and concludes by asking him : "What have you to say in reply ?"

"I have no reply to make."

And he places his hand on his forehead as if he had a pain there.

In the midst of a long rambling statement, mingled here and there with flashes of intelligence, and even of thoughtfulness, he stops short to ask for a basin of soup, and gives a number of directions to the attendant who brings it to him. He has a fit of trembling which is plainly perceptible. He drinks a glass of water several

times during the examination. He trembles so violently that he cannot carry the glass to his lips without holding it with both hands.

He calls the Procurator-General *Monsieur le Procureur*. When he speaks of the King, he says *His Majesty*.

During the very violent speech for the prosecution of the Procurator-General, he makes signs of approval. During the speech for the defence of his counsel he makes signs of disagreement. However, he listens to them with profound attention. At one point M. Hébert said: "The prisoner has no political animus. He even protests his respect and admiration for the King." Joseph Henri nods his head twice in token of assent. At another moment the Procurator-General says that the prisoner wants to secure a ludicrously inadequate punishment. He says "No," with a shake of his head, and takes snuff.

During the temporary rising of the Court, Villemain came to me in the reading-room and said: "What do you think of all this? It seems to me that no one here is genuine: neither the prisoner, nor the Procurator-General, nor the Chancellor. They all look to me as though they are shamming, and as though not one of them says what he thinks. There is something false, equivocal, and confused in this affair."

During the trial Villemain contemplated Joseph Henri with fixed and melancholy interest.

August 27th.

The deliberation began at twenty-minutes past eight o'clock. The Peers, without swords or hats, sit with closed doors; only the clerks are present. On taking their seats the Peers cried out on all sides: "Open the ventilators; let us have some light; give us some air!"

The heat that was in the hermetically sealed room was overpowering.

Two questions were asked by the Chancellor:

"Is the prisoner Henri guilty of the attempt upon the life of the King? Is he guilty of an attempt upon the person of the King?"

I should not omit to say that during the calling of the names, Lagrenée said to me: "I shall be the only one of the diplomatic body who will not vote for the sentence of death." I congratulated him, and he went and sat down again behind the bench occupied by Bussiére.

Another Peer, one of the new ones, whom I did not know, left his seat, came towards me, and seated himself upon the empty chair at the side, saying to me: "You do not know me?" "No." "Well, I nursed you when you were little, no higher than that, upon my knees. I am a friend of your father's. I am General Rapatel."

I remembered the name, which my father had often mentioned. I shook hands with the general. We conversed affectionately. He spoke to me of my childhood, I spoke to him of his great battles, and both of us became younger again. Then silence took place. The voting had begun.

The voting went on, on the question of an attempt on

the life or an attempt on the person, without its being ascertained beforehand whether the difference in the crime involved any difference in the penalty. However, it was soon evident that those peers who decided that it was an attempt on the person did not desire the death penalty, and the majority of this opinion became larger and larger.

As the second vote was about to be taken, I said: "It results from the deliberation on the whole, and from the earnest views which have been put forward, that, in the opinion of all the judges, the words 'person of the King' have a double sense, and that they signify the physical person and the moral person. These two senses, however, are distinct to the conscience, although they are confounded in the vote. The physical person has not been injured, has not been seriously menaced, as nearly all my noble colleagues are agreed. It is only the moral person who has been not only menaced, but even injured. Having given this explanation, and with this reserve, that it is perfectly understood that it is the moral person only that is injured, I associate myself with the immense majority of my colleagues, who declare the prisoner, Joseph Henri, guilty of an attempt upon the person of the King."

The clerk proclaimed the result:—

One hundred and twenty-two Peers decided for an attempt on the person; thirty-eight for an attempt on the life; four for an act of contempt.

The sitting was suspended for a quarter-of-an-hour. The Peers left the Court, and became scattered in groups in the lobby. I conversed with M. de la Redorte, and I

told him, that if it came to the point, I admitted State policy as well as justice, but on the condition that I should consider State policy as the human voice, and justice as the Divine voice. M. de Mornay came up to me and said that the *Anciens* abandoned the death penalty; that they were sensible of the feeling of the House, and gave way to it; but that, in agreement with the majority, they would vote for penal servitude for life, and I was asked to give my support to this vote. I said that it was impossible for me to do so; that I congratulated our *Anciens* on having abandoned the death penalty, but that I should not vote for penal servitude; that, in my opinion, the punishment exceeded the offence; that, moreover, it was not in harmony with the dignity of the Chamber or its precedents.

The sitting was resumed at half-past four.

When my turn came, I simply said: "Detention for life."

Several Peers gave the same vote. Thirteen in all. Fourteen voted the death penalty; a hundred and thirty-three penal servitude for life.

Several Peers said to me: "You ought to be satisfied; there is no death sentence. The judgment is a good one." I replied: "It might have been better."

The Procurator-General and the Advocate-General were brought in, in scarlet robes; then the public rushed in noisily. There were a number of men in blouses. Two women who were among the crowd were turned out. The names of the Peers were called; then the Chancellor read the judgment amidst profound silence.

P.S.—September 12th.

The punishment has not been commuted; the judgment will be carried out.

Joseph Henri, who had been transferred from the Luxembourg and from the Conciergerie to the prison of La Roquette, started the day before yesterday for Toulon in a prison van with cells, accompanied by eight felons. While the irons were being placed upon him, he was weak, and trembled convulsively; he excited the compassion of everybody. He could not believe that he was really a convict. He muttered in an undertone: "Oh, dear! if I had but known!"

VISIT TO THE CONCIERGERIE.

I REMEMBER that, on Thursday the 10th of September 1846, St. Patient's day, I decided to go to the Académie. There was to be a public meeting for the award of the Montyon prize, with a speech by M. Viennet. Arriving at the Institute, I ascended the staircase rather irresolutely. In front of me, ran up boldly and cheerfully, with the nimbleness of a schoolboy, a member of the Institute in full dress, with his coat buttoned up, tight-fitting, and nipped in at the waist—a lean, spare man, with active step and youthful figure. He turned round. It was Horace Vernet. He had an immense moustache, and three crosses of different orders suspended from his neck. In 1846, Horace Vernet was certainly more than sixty years of age.

Arriving at the top of the staircase, he entered. I felt neither so young nor so bold as he, and I did not enter.

In the street outside the Institute, I met the Marquis of B. "You have just come away from the Académie?" he asked. "No," I replied; "one cannot come away without going in. And you, how is it you are in Paris?" "I have just come from Bourges." The Marquis, a very warm Legitimist, had been to see Don Carlos, son of

him who took the title of Charles V. Don Carlos, whom the faithful called Prince of the Asturias, and afterwards King of Spain, and who was known to European diplomacy as the Count de Montemolip, looked with some amount of annoyance upon the marriage of his cousin, Dona Isabella, with the Infante Don Francisco d'Assiz, Duke of Cadiz, which had just been concluded at this very moment. He plainly showed the Marquis how surprised he felt, and even let him see a letter addressed by the Infante to him, the Count de Montemolin, in which this phrase occurred, word for word: "I will abandon all thought of my cousin as long as you remain between her and me."

We shook hands, and M. de B. left me.

As I was returning by the Quai des Morfondus, I passed by the lofty old towers of Saint-Louis, and I felt an inclination to visit the prison of the Conciergerie at the Palais de Justice. It is impossible to say how the idea came into my head to go in and see how man had contrived to render hideous in the inside what is so magnificent on the outside. I turned to the right, however, into the little courtyard, and rang at the grating of the doorway. The door was opened, I gave my name. I had with me my Peer's medal. A doorkeeper was put at my service to serve as a guide wherever I wished to go.

The first impression which strikes one on entering a prison is a feeling of darkness and oppression, diminished respiration and perception, something ineffably nauseous and insipid, intermingled with the funereal and the lugubrious. A prison has its odour as it has its *chiaroscuro*. Its air is not air, its daylight is not daylight. Iron bars

have some power, it would seem, over those two free and heavenly things,—air and light.

The first room we came to was no other than the old guard-room of Saint-Louis, an immense hall cut up into a large number of compartments for the requirements of the prison. Everywhere are elliptical-pointed arches and pillars with capitals; the whole scraped, pared, levelled, and marred by the hideous taste of the architects of the Empire and the Restoration. I make this remark once for all, the whole building having been served in the same fashion. In this warders' room could still be seen on the right-hand side the nook where the pikes were stacked, marked out by a pointed moulding at the angle of the two walls.

The outer office in which I stood was the spot where the *toilet* of condemned criminals took place. The office itself was on the left. There was in this office a very civil old fellow, buried in a heap of cardboard cases, and surrounded by nests of drawers, who rose as I entered, took off his cap, lighted a candle, and said:

“You would like, no doubt, to see Héloïse and Abélard, Sir?” “By all means,” I said, “there is nothing I should like better.”

The old man took the candle, pushed on one side a green case bearing this inscription: *Discharges for the month*, and showed me in a dark corner behind a great nest of drawers, a pillar and capital, with a representation of a monk and a nun back to back, the nun holding in her hand an enormous phallus. The whole was painted yellow, and was called Héloïse and Abélard.

My good man continued:

"Now that you have seen Héloïse and Abélard, you would no doubt like to see the condemned cell?"

"Certainly," I said.

"Show the gentleman the way," said the good man to the turnkey.

Then he dived once more into his cases. This peaceful creature keeps the register of the sentences and terms of imprisonment.

I returned to the outer office, where I admired as I passed by a very large and handsome shell-work table in the brightest and prettiest Louis XV. taste, with a marble border; but dirty, unsightly, daubed with colour which had once been white, and relegated to a dark corner. Then I passed through a gloomy room, encumbered with wooden bedsteads, ladders, broken panes of glass, and old window-frames. In this room, the turnkey opened a door with a fearful noise of heavy keys and drawn bolts, and said: "That is it, Sir."

I went into the condemned cell.

It was rather a large place, with a low arched ceiling, and paved with the old stone flooring of St. Louis, square blocks of lias stone alternating with slabs of slate.

Some of the paving-stones were missing here and there. A tolerably large semi-circular vent-hole, protected by its iron bars and projecting shaft, cast a pale and wan sort of light inside. No furniture, save an old cast-iron stove of the time of Louis XV., ornamented with panels in relief, which it is impossible to distinguish owing to the rust, and in front of the skylight a large arm-chair, in oak, with an opening in the seat. The chair was of the period of Louis XIV., and covered with leather, which

was partly torn away so as to expose the horsehair. The stove was on the right of the door. My guide informed me that when the cell was occupied, a folding bedstead was placed in it. A gendarme and a warder, relieved once every three hours, watched the condemned man day and night, standing the whole time, without a chair or bed, so that they might not fall asleep.

We returned to the outer office, which led to two more rooms, the reception-room of the privileged prisoners who were able to receive their visitors without standing behind a double row of iron bars, and the saloon of the barristers, who are entitled to communicate freely and in private with their clients. This "saloon," for so it was described in the inscription placed over the door, was a long room, lighted by an opening in the wall, and furnished with long wooden benches like the other one. It appears that some young barristers had been guilty of abusing the privilege of a legal *tête-à-tête*. Female thieves and prisoners are occasionally very good-looking. The abuse was discovered, and the "saloon" was provided with a glazed doorway. In this way it was possible to see, although not to hear.

At this juncture, the Governor of the Conciergerie, whose name was Lebel, came up to us. He was a venerable old man, with some shrewdness in his looks. He wore a long frock-coat, and in his buttonhole the ribbon of the Legion of Honour. He begged to be excused for not having ascertained before that I was in the place, and asked me to allow him to accompany me in the tour of inspection which I wished to make.

The outer office led through an iron barrier into a long, wide, and spacious vaulted passage.

"What is that?" I asked M. Lebel.

"That," he said, "was formerly connected with the kitchens of Saint-Louis. It was very useful to us during the riots. I did not know what to do with my prisoners. The Prefect of Police sent and asked me: 'Have you plenty of room just now? How many prisoners can you accommodate?' I replied: 'I can accommodate two hundred.' They sent me three hundred and fifty, and then said to me: 'How many more can you accommodate?' I thought they were joking. However, I made room by utilizing the Women's Infirmary. 'You can,' I said, 'send a hundred prisoners.' They sent me three hundred. This rather annoyed me; but they said: 'How many can you still find room for?' 'You can now send as many as you like.' Sir, they sent me six hundred! I placed them here; they slept upon the ground on trusses of straw. They were very excitable. One of them, Lagrange, the Republican from Lyons, said to me: 'Monsieur Lebel, if you will let me see my sister, I promise you I will make all the men keep quiet.' I allowed him to see his sister; he kept his word, and the place, with all its six hundred devils, became a little heaven. My Lyons men thus continued well behaved and civil until the day when, the House of Peers having begun to move in the matter, they were brought in contact, during the official inquiry, with the Paris rioters, who were of Sainte-Pélagie. The latter said to them: 'You must be mad to remain quiet like that. Why, you should complain, you should shout, you should be

furious.' My Lyons men now became furious, thanks to the Parisians. They became perfect Satans. Oh! what trouble I had! They said to me, 'Monsieur Lebel, it is not because of you, but of the government. We want to show our teeth to the government.' And Reverchon then undressed himself and stood stark naked."

"He called that showing his teeth, did he?" I asked M. Lebel.

In the meantime, the turnkey had opened the great railings at the far end of the corridor, then other railings and heavy doors, and I found myself in the heart of the prison.

I could see, through the railed arches, the men's exercise-yard. It was a tolerably large oblong courtyard, above which towered on every side the high walls of Saint-Louis, now-a-days plastered and disfigured. A number of men were walking up and down in groups of two or three; others were seated in the corners, upon the stone benches which surround the yard. Nearly all wore the prison dress—large waistcoats with linen trousers; two or three, however, wore black coats. One of the latter was clean and sedate-looking, and had a certain indescribable air of a town-bred man.* It was the wreck of a gentleman.

This yard had nothing repulsive-looking about it. It is true that the sun was shining brightly, and that everything looks smiling in the sun—even a prison. There were two beds of flowers with trees, which were small but of a bright green, and, between the two beds, in the middle of the yard, an ornamental fountain with a stone basin.

This yard was formerly the cloister of the Palace. The Gothic architect surrounded the four sides with a gallery ornamented with pointed arches. The modern architects have covered these arches with masonry; they have placed steps and partitions in them and made two stories. Each arcade made one cell on the ground floor and one on the first floor. These cells, clean and fitted with timber floorings, had nothing very repulsive about them. Nine feet long by six feet wide, a door opening on to the corridor, a window overlooking the ground, iron bolts, a large lock and a railed opening in the door, iron bars to the window, a chain, a bed in the angle on the left of the door, covered with coarse linen and coarse blanketing, but very carefully and neatly made, that is what these cells were like. It was recreation time. Nearly all the cells were open, the men being in the yard. Two or three, however, remained closed, and some of the prisoners, young workmen—shoemakers and hatters, for the most part—were working there, making a great noise with their hammers. They were, I was told, hard-working and well-conducted prisoners, who preferred to do some work rather than go out for exercise.

The quarters of the privileged prisoners were above. The cells were rather larger, and, as a result of the greater liberty enjoyed here at a cost of *sixteen centimes* a day, rather less clean. As a general rule, in a prison, the greater the cleanliness the less liberty there is. These wretched beings are so constituted that their cleanliness is the token of their servitude. They were not alone in their cells; there were, in some cases, two

or three together; there was one large room in which there were six. An old man with a kindly and honest-looking face was engaged in reading. He lifted up his eyes from his book when I entered, and looked at me like a country curé reading his breviary and seated upon the grass with the sky above his head. I made inquiries, but I could not discover of what this *goodman** was accused. Upon the whitewashed wall, near the door, these four lines were written in pencil:—

*Dans la gendarmerie,
Quand un gendarme rit,
Tous les gendarmes rient
Dans la gendarmerie.†*

Beneath them, a parodist had added:—

*Dans la Conciergerie,
Quand un concierge rit,
Tous les concierges rient
Dans la Conciergerie.*

M. Lebel called my attention in the yard to the spot where a prisoner had made his escape a few years before. The right angle formed by the two walls of the yard at the northernmost end had sufficed for the accomplishment of the man's purpose. He planted his back in this angle and drew himself up solely by the muscular force of

* *Sic* in the original.—*Translator's note.*

† An untranslatable pun upon the words *une gendarmerie*, or a station of the mounted police, and *un gendarme rit*, in English, "a policeman laughs." In the parody which follows, the jest is heightened, of course, by making all the *concierges* laugh in the *Conciergerie*, as though it were a place full of *concierges*, or door-keepers.—*Translator's note.*

his shoulders, elbows, and heels, as far as the roof, where he caught hold of a stove-pipe. Had this stove-pipe given way under his weight, he would have been a dead man. On reaching the roof, he climbed down again into the outer enclosure and fled. All this in broad daylight. He was captured again in the Palais de Justice. His name was Bottemolle. "Such an escape was deserving of better luck," said M. Lebel. "I was almost sorry to see him brought back."

At the beginning of the men's yard there was, on the left, a little office reserved for the chief warder, with a table placed at a right angle before the window, a leather-covered chair, and all kinds of card-board cases and papers upon the table. Behind this table and chair was an oblong space of about eight feet by four. It was the site of the cell formerly occupied by Louvel. The wall which divided it from the office had been demolished. At a height of about seven feet the wall ended, and was replaced by an iron grating reaching to the ceiling. The cell was lighted only through this and through the window in the door, the light coming from the corridor of the office and not from the courtyard. Through this grating and through the window of the door Louvel, whose bed was in the corner at the far end, was watched night and day. For all that, moreover, two turnkeys were placed in the cell itself. When the wall was pulled down, the architect preserved the door,—a low-lying door, armed with a great square lock and round bolt,—and had it built into the outer wall. It was there I saw it.

I remember that in my early youth I saw Louvel cross

the Pont-au-Change on the day on which he was taken to the Place de Grève. It was, I think, in the month of June. The sun shone brightly. Lbuvel was in a cart, with his arms tied behind his back, a blue coat thrown over his shoulders, and a round hat upon his head. He was pale. I saw him in profile. His whole countenance suggested a sort of earnest ferocity and violent determination. There was something harsh and frigid in his appearance.

Before we left the men's quarters, M. Lebel said: "Here is a curious spot." And he made me enter a round, vaulted room, rather lofty, about fifteen feet in diameter, without any window or opening in the wall, and lighted only through the doorway. A circular stone bench stretched all round the chamber.

"Do you know where you are now?" asked M. Lebel.

"Yes," I replied.

I recognised the famous chamber 'of torture. This chamber occupies the ground-floor of the crenellated tower, the smallest of the three round towers on the quay.

In the centre was an ominous and singular-looking object. It was a sort of long and narrow table of lias-stone, joined with molten lead poured into the crevices, very heavy, and supported on three stone legs. This table was about two and a half feet high, eight feet long, and twenty inches wide. On looking up I saw a great rusty iron hook fastened in the round stone which forms the key-stone of the arch.

This object is the rack. A leather covering used to be

put over it, upon which the victim was stretched. Ravailiac remained for six weeks upon this table, with his feet and hands tied, bound at the waist by a strap attached to a long chain hanging from the ceiling. The last ring of this chain was slipped on to the hook which I still saw fixed above my head. Six gentlemen guards and six guards of the Provost's department watched him night and day. Damiens was guarded like Ravailiac in this chamber, and tied down upon this table during the whole time occupied by the inquiry and the trial of his case. Desrues, Cartonche, and Voisin were tortured upon it. The Marchioness de Brinvilliers was stretched upon it stark naked, fastened down, and, so to speak, quartered by four chains attached to the four limbs, and there suffered the frightful "extraordinary torture by water," which caused her to ask: "How are you going to continue to put that great barrel of water in this little body?"

A whole dark history is there, having filtered, so to speak, drop by drop into the pores of these stones, these walls, this vault, this bench, this table, this pavement, this door. There it all is; it has never quitted the place. It has been shut up there, it has been bolted up. Nothing has escaped from it, nothing has evaporated; no one has ever spoken, related, betrayed, revealed anything of it. This crypt, which is like the mouth of a funnel turned upside down, this case, made by the hands of man, this stone box, has kept the secret of all the blood it has drunk, of all the shrieks it has stifled. The frightful occurrences which have taken place in this judge's den still palpitate and live, and exhale all sorts of horrible

miasms. What a strange abomination is this chamber, what a strange abomination this tower placed in the very middle of the quay, without any moat or wall to separate it from the passer-by! Inside, the saws, the boots, the wooden horses, the wheels, the pincers, the hammers which knock in the wedges, the hissing of flesh touched with the red-hot iron, the spluttering of blood upon the live embers, the cold interrogatories of the magistrates, the despairing shrieks of the tortured man; outside, within four paces, citizens coming and going, women chattering, children playing, tradespeople selling their wares, vehicles rolling along, boats upon the river, the roar of the city, air, sky, sun, liberty!

It is a gloomy reflection that this tower without windows has always seemed silent to the passer-by; it made no more noise then than it does now. What must be the thickness of these walls, for the sound of the street not to have reached the tower, and for the sound of the tower not to have reached the street!

I contemplated this table in particular with a curiosity filled with awe. Some of the prisoners had carved their names upon it. Towards the centre, eight or ten letters beginning with an M and forming a word which was illegible were rather deeply cut. At one end had been written with a punch the name of *Merel*. (I quote from memory and may be mistaken, but I think that is the name.)

The wall was hideous in its nakedness. It seemed as though one felt its fearful and pitiless solidity. The paving was the same kind of paving as in the condemned cell, that is to say, the old black and white stones of Saint-

Louis in alternate squares. A large square brick stove had taken the place of the old heating furnace for the instruments of torture. This chamber is used in winter-time as a place of warmth for the prisoners.

We then proceeded to the women's building. After being in the prison for an hour, I was already so accustomed to the bolts and bars that I no longer noticed them, any more than the air, peculiar to prisoners, which suffocated me as I went in. It would be impossible, therefore, for me to say what doors were opened to enable us to walk from the men's to the women's quarters. I do not remember. I only recollect that an old woman, with a nose like a bird of prey, appeared at a railing and opened the gate to us, asking us if we wished to look round the yard. We accepted the offer.

The women's exercise-yard was much smaller and much more gloomy than that of the men. There was only one bed of shrubs and flowers, a very narrow one, and I do not think there were any trees. Instead of the ornamental fountain there was a wash-house in the corner. A female prisoner, with bare arms, was inside, washing her clothes. Eight or ten women were seated in the yard in a group, talking, sewing and working. I raised my hat. They rose, and looked at me with curiosity. They were for the most part apparently of the lower middle class, and presented the appearance of small shopkeepers about forty years of age. That appeared to be the average age. There were, however, two or three young girls.

By the side of the yard there was a little chamber into which we entered. There were two young girls there,

one seated, the other standing. The one who was seated appeared ill ; the other was tending her.

I asked : " What is the matter with that young girl ? "

" Oh ! it is nothing," said the other, a tall and rather handsome dark girl with blue eyes ; " she is subject to it. She is not very well. She was often taken like it at Saint-Lazare. We were there together. I look after her."

" What is she charged with ? " I continued.

" She is a servant. She stole six pairs of stockings of her employers."

Just then the invalid turned pale and fainted. She was a poor girl of sixteen or seventeen years of age.

" Give her some air," I said.

The big girl took her in her arms like a child, and carried her into the yard. M. Lebel sent for some ether.

" She took six pairs of stockings," he said ; " but it is her third offence."

We returned to the yard. The girl lay upon the stones. The women crowded round her, and gave her the ether to smell. The old female warder took off her garters, while the big dark girl unlaced her clothing. As she undid her stays, she said :

" This comes over her every time she puts on stays. I will give you stays, you little fool ! "

In those words, *little fool*, there was somehow or other a tone which was tender and sympathising.

We left the place.

One of the peculiarities of the Conciergerie is that all the cells occupied by regicides since 1830, are in the women's quarters.

I entered, first of all, the cell which had been occupied by Lecomte, and which had just been tenanted by Joseph Henri. It was a tolerably large chamber, almost vast, well lighted, and having nothing of the cell about it but the stone floor, the door, armed with the biggest lock in the Conciergerie, and the window, a large railed opening opposite the door. This chamber was furnished as follows: in the corner near the window a boat-shaped mahogany bedstead, four and a half feet wide, in the most imposing style of the Restoration; on the other side of the window, a mahogany writing-table; near the bed, a mahogany chest of drawers, with lacquered rings and handles; upon the chest of drawers, a looking-glass, and in front of the looking-glass a mahogany clock in the form of a lyre, the face gilded and chased; a square carpet mat at the foot of the bed; four mahogany chairs covered with Utrecht velvet; between the bed and the writing-table, a china stove. This furniture, with the exception of the stove, which would shock the taste of commonplace people, is the very ideal of a rich shop-keeper. Joseph Henri was dazzled by it. I asked what had become of this poor madman. After having been transferred from the Conciergerie to the prison of La Roquette, he had set out that very morning, in the company of eight felons, for the convict-prison of Toulon.

The window of this cell looked out on the women's exercise-yard. It was ornamented with a rusty old projecting shaft full of holes. Through these holes could be seen what was going on in the yard, an amusement for the prisoner not altogether without drawbacks for the

women, who thought themselves alone and secluded from observation in the yard.

Near by was the cell formerly occupied by Fieschi and Alibaud. Ouvrard, who was the first to occupy it, had a marble chimney-piece placed in it (Saint Anne marble, black, with white veins) and a large wooden partition, forming a recess and dressing-room. The furniture was of mahogany, and very similar to that of the apartment of Joseph Henri. After Fieschi and Alibaud, this cell had had for its occupants the Abbé de Lamennais and the Marchioness de Larochejacquelein, then Prince Louis Napoleon, and finally, that "stupid Prince de Berghes," as M. Lebel put it.

Opposite these two cells was the entrance to the Women's Infirmary, a long and broad chamber, too low-lying for its size. There were a score of beds there, with no one in the beds. I expressed surprise at this.

"I hardly ever have any invalids," said M. Lebel. "In the first place, the prisoners only stay here a short time. They come to await their trial, and go away immediately afterwards; if acquitted, at liberty; if convicted, to their destination. As long as they are here, the anticipation of their trial keeps them in a state of excitement, which leaves room for nothing else. Yes, they have no time to get ill in; they have another sort of feverishness than fever. At the period of the cholera, which was also the great period of riots, I had seven hundred prisoners here. They were everywhere, in the doorways, in the offices, in the waiting-rooms, in the yards, on the beds, on straw, on the paving-stones." I said; Good Heavens! It is to be hoped the cholera

will not come in addition to all this. Sir, I did not have a single man invalidated."

There is certainly a moral in these facts. They show that strong mental excitement is a preservative against all ailments. In times of pestilence, while sanitary and hygienic measures should not be neglected, the people should be entertained with grand *fêtes*, grand performances, noble impressions. If no one troubled about the epidemic, it would disappear.

"When they had, in the cells on the opposite side, a prisoner guilty of an attempt on the person of the King, the Women's Infirmary was converted into a guard-room. Here were installed fifteen or twenty warders, kept secluded from the outer world like the prisoner himself, seeing no one, not even their wives, and this for the whole time of the preliminaries of the trial, sometimes six weeks, at others two months. That is what is done," added M. Lebel, from whom I had these details, "when I have regicides."

This phrase fell from him in the most natural manner possible; to him it was a sort of habit to have regicides.

"You spoke," I said, "in a contemptuous manner of the Prince de Berghes. What do you think of him?"

He wiped his eye-glasses on his sleeve, and replied:

"Oh! as for that, I do not think anything about him; he was a wretched great simpleton, well bred, with excellent manners, and a gentle expression, but a fool. When he arrived here, I put him at first in this chamber, in this Infirmary, which is of a good size, so that he might have space and air. He sent for me. 'Is my case a serious one, sir?' he asked. I stammered a few

hesitating words. 'Do you think,' he added, 'that I shall be able to get away this evening?' 'Oh, no,' I said. 'Well, to-morrow, then?' 'Nor to-morrow,' I replied. 'What! do you really think they will keep me here for a week?' 'Perhaps longer.' 'More than a week! More than a week! My case really is a serious one, then? Do you think my case is serious?' He walked about in every direction, continuing to repeat this question, to which I never replied. His family, however, did not abandon him. The Duchess his mother, and the Princess his wife, came to see him every day. The Princess, a very pretty little woman, asked if she might share his prison cell. I gave her to understand that this was impossible. As a matter of fact, what was his offence? Forgery, certainly; but without any motive. It was an act of stupidity, nothing more. The jury found him guilty because he was a prince. If he had been some rich tradesman's son, he would have been acquitted. After he was sentenced to three years' imprisonment, he was left here for some time with me, and then he was transferred to a sanatorium, of which a whole wing was secured for his exclusive use. He has been there nearly a year now, and he will be left there for six months longer; then he will be pardoned. So that his being a prince damaged him at his trial, but it benefits him in his imprisonment.

As we crossed the passage, my guide stopped me and called my attention to a low door about four-and-a-half feet in height, armed with an enormous square lock and a great bolt, very similar to the door of Louvel's cell. It was the door of the cell of Marie-Antoinette, the only

thing which had been preserved just as it was, Louis XVIII. having converted her cell into a chapel. It was through this door that the Queen went forth to the Revolutionary Court; it was through it also that she went to the scaffold. The door no longer turned on its hinges. Since 1814, it had been fixed in the wall.

I have said that it had been preserved just as it was, but I was mistaken. It was daubed over with a fearful nankeen-coloured picture; but this is of no consequence. What sanguinary souvenir is there which has not been painted either a yellow or a rose colour?

A moment afterwards I was in the chapel, which had formerly been a cell. If one could have seen there the bare stone floor, the bare walls, the iron bars at the opening, the folding-bedstead of the Queen, and the camp-bedstead of the gendarme, together with the historic screen which separated them, it would have created a profound feeling of emotion and an unutterable impression. There were to be seen a little wooden altar, which would have been a disgrace to a village church, a coloured wall (yellow, of course), small stained-glass windows, as in a Turkish *café*, a raised wooden platform, and upon the wall two or three abominable paintings, in which the bad style of the Empire had a tussle with the bad taste of the Restoration. The entrance to the cell had been replaced by an archivault cut in the wall. The vaulted passage by which the Queen proceeded to the Court had been walled up. There is a respectful vandalism that is even more revolting than a vindictive vandalism, because of its stupidity.

Nothing was to be seen there of what came under the

eyes of the Queen, unless it was a small portion of the paved flooring, which the boards fortunately did not entirely cover. This floor was an old-fashioned, chevroned pavement of bricks, laid on horizontally, with the narrow side uppermost.

A straw chair, placed upon the platform, marked the spot where the bed of the Queen had rested.

On coming away from this venerable spot, profaned by a foolish piety, I went into a large apartment at the side, which had been the place of incarceration for the priests during the Terror, and which had been converted into the chapel of the Conciergerie. It was very mean-looking, and very ugly, like the chapel-cell of the Queen. The Revolutionary Court, held its sittings above this apartment.

While walking about in the depths of the old building, I perceived here and there, through openings in the walls, immense cellars, mysterious and deserted chambers, with portcullises opening on to the river, fearful dungeons, dark passages. In these crypts spiders' webs abounded, as well as mossy stones, sickly gleams of light, vague and distorted forms. I asked M. Lebel: "What is this place?" He replied: "This is no longer used." What had it been used for?

We had to go back through the men's yard. As we passed through it, M. Lebel pointed out to me a staircase near the latrines. It was here that a murderer named Savoye, who had been condemned to the galleys, had hanged himself, not many days previously, to the railings of the bannister. "The jury have made a mistake," said this man; "I ought to have been condemned to death.

I will settle the matter." He settled it by hanging himself. He was put under the special supervision of a prisoner who had been raised to the functions of a warder, and whom M. Lebel dismissed.

While the Governor of the Conciergerie furnished me with these details, a decently-dressed prisoner came up to us. He seemed to wish to be spoken to. I asked him several questions. He was a young fellow who had been a working embroiderer and lace-maker, afterwards the assistant to the Paris executioner, what was formerly called the "headsman's valet," and finally, he said, a groom in the King's stables.

"Pray, sir, ask the Governor not to have me put in the prison dress, and to leave me *en my fainéant*." This word, which has to be pronounced *faignant*, means a cloth coat in the latest slang. He had, in fact, a tolerably good cloth coat. I obtained permission for him to keep it, and I got him into conversation.

He spoke very highly of M. Sanson, the executioner, his former master. M. Sanson lived in the Rue du Marais-du-Temple, in an isolated house, of which the jalousies were always closed. He received many visits. Numbers of English people went to see him. When visitors presented themselves at M. Sanson's, they were introduced into an elegant reception-room on the ground floor, furnished entirely with mahogany, in the midst of which there was an excellent piano, always open, and provided with pieces of music. Shortly afterwards, M. Sanson arrived, and asked his visitors to be seated. The conversation turned upon one topic and another. Generally, the English people asked to see the guillotine.

M. Sanson complied with this request, no doubt for some consideration, and conducted the ladies and gentlemen to the adjoining street (the Rue Albouy, I think), to the house of the scaffold-manufacturer. There was a shed at this place, where the guillotine was permanently erected. The strangers grouped themselves around it, and it was made to *work*. Trusses of hay were guillotined.

One day, an English family, consisting of the father, the mother, and three pretty daughters, fair and with rosy cheeks, presented themselves at Sanson's residence. It was in order to see the guillotine. Sanson took them to the carpenter's and set the instrument at work. The knife fell and rose again several times at the request of the young ladies. One of them, however, the youngest, was not satisfied with this. She made the executioner explain to her, in the minutest details, what is called the *toilet of the condemned*. Still she was not satisfied. At length, she turned hesitatingly towards the executioner :

"Monsieur Sanson !" she said.

"Mademoiselle," said the executioner.

"What is done when the man is on the scaffold ? How is he tied down ?"

The executioner explained the "dreadful matter" to her, and said : "We call that 'putting him in the oven.'"

"Well, Monsieur Sanson," said the young lady, "I want you to put me in the oven."

The executioner started. He made an exclamation of surprise. The young lady insisted : "I fancy," she said, "that I should like to be able to say I have been tied down on it."

Sanson spoke to the father and mother. They replied :
“ As she has taken a fancy to have it done, do it.”

The executioner had to give in. He made the young miss sit down, tied her legs with a piece of string, and her arms behind her back with a rope, fastened her to the swinging plank, and strapped her on with the leather strap. Here he wanted to stop. “ No, no, that is not yet all,” she said. Sanson then swung the plank down, placed the head of the young lady in the dreadful neck-piece, and closed it upon her neck. Then she declared she was satisfied.

When he afterwards told the story, Sanson said : “ I quite thought she was going to say at last : ‘ *That is not all ; make the knife fall.* ’ ”

Nearly all the English visitors ask to see the knife which cut off the head of Louis XVI. This knife was sold for old iron, in the same way as all the other guillotine-knives when they are worn out. English people will not believe it, and offer to buy it of M. Sanson. If he had cared to trade in them, there would have been as many *knives of Louis XIV.* sold as walking-sticks of Voltaire.

From his anecdotes of Sanson, the fellow, who said he had formerly been a groom at the Tuileries, wanted to proceed to anecdotes of the King. He had heard the conferences of the King with the ambassadors, &c. . . . I did not trouble him. I thought of his being a Gascon,* and an embroiderer, and his political revelations appeared to be only fancy articles of a superior description.

* The people of Gascony are proverbially supposed to be hatchet-throwers.—*Translator's note.*

Up to 1826, the Conciergerie had no other entrance but a grating opening into the courtyard of the Palais de Justice. It was through this that criminals condemned to death came out. In 1826 was made the doorway which is to be seen upon the quay between the two great round towers. These two towers had upon the ground floor, like the tower of the torture-chamber, a room without a window. The two grotesque Gothic arches, without any voussoir or equilateral triangle for a base, which are still admired here to this day, and which are masterpieces of ignorance, were opened in these splendid walls by a sort of stone-mason, named Peyre, who held the office of architect to the Palais de Justice, and who mutilated, dishonoured, and disfigured the building as may be seen. These two rooms, thus lighted, make two fine circular apartments. Their walls are ornamented with inlaid Gothic arches, of admirable purity, resting upon exquisite brackets. These charming triumphs of architecture and sculpture were never intended to see the light of day, and were made, strange to say, for horror and darkness.

The first of the two rooms, the nearest to the men's yard, had been converted into a dormitory for the warders. There were in it a dozen beds arranged like the rays of a star round a stove placed in the centre. Above each bed, a plank fixed in the wall through the delicate mullions of the architecture, held the personal belongings of the warders, generally represented by a brush, a trunk, and an old pair of boots. Over one of the beds, however, beside the pair of boots, which was not wanting in any single instance, was a little heap of books. I noticed this; it was explained to me. It was the library of a

warder named Peiset, to whom Lacenaire had imparted literary tastes. This man, seeing Lacenaire constantly reading and writing, first admired and then consulted him. He was not without intelligence; Lacenaire advised him to study. Some of the books which were there were those of Lacenaire. Lacenaire gave them to him. Peiset had bought a few other old books upon the quays; he took the advice of Lacenaire, who said: "Read this," or "do not read that." By degrees, the jailor became a thinker, and it was thus that an intelligence had been awakened and had expanded in this repulsive atmosphere.

The other room could only be entered by a door which bore this inscription: "Entrance reserved for the Governor." M. Lebel opened it for me very politely, and we found ourselves in his sitting-room. This apartment was in fact transformed into the Governor's sitting-room. It was almost identical with the other, but differently furnished. This sitting-room was made up in extraordinary fashion. The architecture of Saint-Louis, a chandelier which had belonged to Ouvrard, hideous wall-paper in the Gothic arches, a mahogany writing-desk, some articles of furniture with unbleached calico coverings, an old legal portrait without any case or frame and nailed askew upon the wall, some engravings, some heaps of paper, a table looking like a counter; altogether, the room thus furnished, had the characteristics of a palace, a prison-cell, and a shop parlour. It was patibulary, magnificent, ugly, ridiculous, sinister, royal, and vulgar.

It was into this apartment that the visitors of the privi-

leged prisoners were shown. At the time of his detention, of which many traces remained at the Conciergerie, M. Ouvrard used to see his friends here. The Prince de Berghes used to see his wife and mother here. "What does it matter to me if they do receive their visitors here?" said M. Lebel. "They think themselves in a drawing-room, and they are none the less in a prison." The worthy man looked profoundly convinced that the Duchess and Princess de Berghes must have thought they were in a drawing-room.

It was there also that the Chancellor Duke Pasquier was in the habit of preparing the preliminaries of the official inquiries confided to him in respect of the prosecutions before the House of Peers.

The Governor's room communicated with this apartment. It was very mean and ugly looking. The species of den which served as his bedroom was solely dependent upon the doors for light and air, that is to say, so far as I could see, for I passed rapidly through. It was clean, although of a rather mouldy-smelling cleanliness, and had all sorts of frames in the corners, and old-fashioned nick-nacks, and all those minutæ which one sees in the rooms of elderly people. The dining-room was larger, and had windows. Two or three good-looking young ladies were seated there upon straw-bottomed chairs, and were at work under the eye of a lady of about fifty years of age. They rose with a modest and pleasant look as I passed, and their father, M. Lebel, kissed them on the forehead. Nothing stranger could be imagined than this Anglican Presbyterian's home, surrounded by the infamous interior of a prison, and walled round as it were

and preserved in all its purity amidst every vice, every crime, every disgrace, and every shame.

"But," I said to M. Lebel, "what has become of the hall of the chimney-pieces? Where is it?"

He appeared to turn it over in his mind like a person who fails to understand.

"The hall of the chimney-pieces? Did you say the hall of the chimney-pieces?"

"Yes," I rejoined, "a great hall which was under the *salle des pas perdus*,* and where there were in the four corners four enormous chimney-pieces, constructed in the thirteenth century. Why, I remember distinctly having come to see it some twenty years ago in company with Rossini, Meyerbeer, and David d'Angers."

"Ah!" said M. Lebel, "I know what you mean. That is what we call the Kitchens of Saint-Louis."

"Well, the Kitchens of Saint-Louis then, if that is what you call them. But what has become of this hall? Besides the four chimney-pieces, it had some handsome pillars which supported the roof. I have not seen it even now. Has your architect, M. Peyre, hidden it away?"

"Oh! no. Only he has made some alterations in it for us."

These words, quietly uttered, made me shudder. The hall of the chimney-pieces was one of the most remarkable monuments of the Royal and domestic architecture of the Middle Ages. What might not a creature like the architect Peyre have done with it? M. Lebel continued: "We scarcely knew where to put our prisoners during

* The outer hall of a French Court of Justice, to which the public are admitted.—*Translator's note.*

the time when they have to undergo their preliminary examination. M. Peyre took the kitchens of Saint-Louis and made a magnificent *souricière** with three compartments,—one for men, one for women and one for juveniles. He contrived this in the best manner possible, and he did not destroy the old hall to any great extent, I assure you."

"Will you take me to it?" I said to M. Lebel.

"By all means."

We passed through long, wide, low, and narrow corridors and passages. Here and there we came across a staircase crowded with gendarmes, and we saw pass amidst a hubbub of policemen and warders, some poor wretch whom the ushers handed to each other, at the same time saying to each other in a loud tone of voice, the word: *Disponible*.†

"What does that word convey?" I said to my guide.

"It means that he has a man whom the examining magistrate has done with, and who is at the disposal of the gendarme."

"To set him at liberty?"

"No, to take him back to prison."

At length the last door opened.

"Here you are," said the Governor, "in the room you are looking for."

I look round.

I was in darkness.

* A room in which prisoners are temporarily detained.—*Translator's note.*

† Available, or ready to be disposed of.—*Translator's note.*

I had a wall in front of my eyes.

My eyeballs, however, gradually became accustomed to the darkness, and after a few moments, I distinguished on my right, in a recess, a lofty and magnificent chimney-piece, in the shape of an inverted funnel, built of stone, and resting, by means of an open buttress of the most exquisite style, against a pillar which stood in face of it.

"Ah," I said, "here is one of the chimney-pieces. But where are the others?"

"This is the only one," replied M. Lebel, "which remains intact. Of the three others, two are completely destroyed, and the third is mutilated; it was necessary for a *souricière*. It is because we had to fill up the intervals between the pillars with stone-work. We had to put up partitions. The architect preserved this chimney-piece as a specimen of the architectural style of the period."

"And," I added, "of the folly of the architects of our time." Thus, there was no hall, but a number of compartments, and out of four chimney-pieces three were destroyed. This was effected under Charles X. This is what the sons of Saint-Louis made of the souvenirs of Saint-Louis.

"It is true," continued M. Lebel, "that this *souricière* might very well have been placed elsewhere. But then you know they did not think of that, and they had this hall available. However, they arranged it very well. It is divided by stone walls in longitudinal compartments, lighted each by one of the windows of the old hall. The first is that of the juveniles. Should you like to go in?"

A turnkey opened a heavy door with a peep-hole bored through it, by means of which the interior of the *souricière* could be watched, and we went in.

The juveniles' *souricière* was an oblong room, a parallelogram, provided with two stone benches on the two principal sides. There were three boys there. The eldest was rather a big boy. He appeared to be about seventeen years of age, and was clad in frightful old yellowish clothes.

I spoke to the youngest, who had a rather intelligent, although an enervated and degraded face.

"What is your age, boy?"

"I am twelve, sir."

"What have you done to be in here?"

"I took some peaches."

"Where?"

"In a garden at Montreuil."

"By yourself?"

"No, with my friend."

"Where is your friend?"

He pointed out the other one, who was clad like himself in the prison material, and was a little bigger than himself, and said: "There he is."

"You got over a wall, then?"

"No, sir. The peaches were on the ground, in the road."

"You only stooped down?"

"Yes, sir."

"And picked them up?"

"Yes, sir."

At this point, M. Lebel leaned towards me and said :
 "He has already been taught his lesson."

It was evident, in fact, that the child was telling a lie. There was neither decision nor candour in his look. He cast his eyes down obliquely, as he looked at me, as a sharper examines his victim, and moreover with that delighted expression of a child who makes a man his dupe.

"You are not telling the truth, my lad," I resumed.

"Yes, I am, sir."

This "Yes, I am, sir," was said with that kind of impudence in which one feels that everything is wanting, even assurance. He added, boldly :

"And for that I have been sentenced to three years' imprisonment. But, *j'en rappelle*." *—"Have not your relatives come to claim you?"—"No, sir."—"And your friend, was he sentenced?"—"No, his relatives claimed him."—"He is a better boy than you, then?"

The boy hung down his head.

M. Lebel said to me : "He has been sentenced to be detained for three years in a House of Correction, to be brought up there—acquitted, that is to say, for not having acted 'with discretion.' The misfortune and the grief of all the little vagabonds is to be under sixteen years of age. They have a thousand ways of trying to persuade the authorities that they are sixteen years of age, and guilty *with discretion*. In fact, when they are sixteen years and one day old they are punished with a few

* For *J'en appelle*, meaning that he has appealed against the sentence.—Translator's note.

months' imprisonment for their pranks. If they are a day less than sixteen years old, they have three years' detention at La Roquette."

I gave a small sum of money to these poor little wretches, who, perhaps, were only wanting in education.

All things considered, society is more guilty towards them than they are guilty towards society. We may ask them: What have you done with our peaches? Very well. But they might reply: What have you done with our intelligence?

"Thank you, sir," said the youngster, putting the money in his pocket.

"I would have given you twice as much," I told him, "if you had not told a lie."

"Sir," said the boy, "I have been sentenced, but *j'en rappelle*."

"It was bad to take peaches, but it was worse to tell a lie."

The child did not appear to understand.

"*J'en rappelle*," he said.

We quitted the cell, and, as the door was closed, the boy followed us with a look, while still repeating: "*J'en rappelle*." The two others did not breathe a word. The jailor bolted the door while muttering: "Keep quiet, my little rats." * This word reminded us that we were in a "*souricière*." †

The second compartment was set apart for men, and was exactly similar to the first. I did not go in, but con-

* Equivalent to "my little dears."—*Translator's note.*

† In allusion to its other signification of a mouse-trap.—*Translator's note.*

tented myself with looking through the peep-hole. It was full of prisoners, among whom the turnkey pointed out to me a youth with a prepossessing countenance, tolerably dressed, and wearing a thoughtful air. This was an individual named Pichery, the ringleader of a gang of thieves who were to be put on their trial in a few days' time.

The third slice cut out of the Kitchens of Saint-Louis was the women's jail. It was thrown open to us. I saw only seven or eight inmates, all more than forty years of age, with the exception of a youngish woman who still retained some remains of good looks. This poor creature hid herself behind the others. I understood this bashfulness, and I neither asked nor permitted any question. All kinds of little articles of women's luggage, baskets, flat baskets, work-bags, pieces of knitting just begun, encumbered the stone benches. There were also great pieces of brown bread. I took up a piece of this bread. It was of the colour of road scrapings, smelt very nasty, and stuck to the fingers like birdlime.

"What is that?" I said to M. Lebel. "It is the prison bread."—"Why, it is detestable!"—"Do you think so?"—"Look at it yourself."—"It is a contractor who supplies it."—"And who makes his fortune, does he not?"

"M. Chayet, Secretary at the Prefecture, has to examine the bread; he considers it very good, so good that he does not have any other on his own table."

"M. Chayet," I said, "is wrong to judge the bread eaten by the prisoners by the bread he receives himself. If the speculator does send him every day a delicacy,

that does not prove that he does not send filth to the prisoners."

"You are right; I will speak about it."

I learnt afterwards that the quality of the bread had been looked into and that an improvement had been effected.

On the whole, there was nothing remarkable in this cell, unless it was that the walls were covered all over with inscriptions in black marks. Here are the three which stood out prominently in larger letters than the others:—"Corset."—"Je suis codanée à six mois pour vacabonage."—"Amour pour la vie."*

The three doors of the compartments opened on the same passage, a long dark corridor, at the two extremities of which, like two stone tiaras, were the rounded forms of the two chimney-pieces which had been preserved, and of which, as I had already said, there was only one which was perfect. The second had lost its principal ornament—its buttress. Of the others all that remained visible was the sites on which they had stood in the corners of the juvenile compartment and the women's compartment.

It was upon the easternmost of these two latter chimney-pieces that the curious figure of the demon Mahidis was carved. The demon Mahidis was a Persian demon which Saint-Louis brought back from the Crusades. It was to be seen upon the chimney-piece with

* The first appears to be the name of a prisoner. The second is an illiterate inscription by some woman, to the effect that she has been sentenced to six months' imprisonment as a vagabond. The third expresses undying affection for some person unknown.—Translator's note.

its five heads, for he had five heads, and each of these five heads had composed one of those songs which are called *ragas* in India, and which are the oldest music known. These *ragas* are still celebrated and dreaded throughout Hindostan, on account of their magic powers. There is no juggler who is bold enough to sing them. One of these *ragas* sung at *nyddar* makes the night fall instantly, and conjures up from the ground an immense circle of darkness, which spreads as far as the voice of the singer will carry. Another is called the *Ihupuck raga*. Whoever sings it perishes by fire. A tradition relates how the Emperor Akbar one day was smitten with a desire to hear this *raga* sung. He sent for a famous musician named Naik-Gopaul, and said to him: "Sing me the *Ihupuck raga*." Thereupon the poor tenor, trembling from head to foot, falls upon the Emperor's knees. The Emperor had his whim and was inflexible. The only concession the tenor could obtain was to be allowed to go and see his family for the last time. He sets out, returns to the town in which he lives, makes his will, embraces his old father and mother, says adieu to all that he loves in the world, and returns to the Emperor. Six months elapsed. Eastern kings have melancholy and tenacious whims. "Ah! there you are, musician," said Shah Akbar, in a sad but friendly tone, "welcome. You are going to sing me the *Ihupuck raga*." Naik-Gopaul trembles and implores once more. But the Emperor is inexorable. It was winter time. The Jumna was frozen over; people were skating upon it. Naik-Gopaul has the ice broken and gets into the water up to his neck. He begins to sing. At the second

verse the water became warm ; at the second stanza the ice melted ; at the third stanza the river began to boil. Naik-Gopaul was cooking ; he was covered with blisters. Instead of singing, he cried : " Mercy, Sire ! "—" Go on," said Akbar, who was no mean lover of music. The poor wretch went on singing ; his face was crimson, his eyes started out of his head, but he continued to sing, the Emperor listening meanwhile with ecstasy. At length a few sparks shot out of the hair of the tenor, which stood on end.—" Mercy ! " he cried, for the last time. " Sing ! " said the Emperor. He began the last stanza amidst shrieks. Suddenly the flames burst forth from his mouth, then from his entire body, and the fire consumed him in the midst of the water. That is one of the habitual effects of the music of this demon Mahidis, who was represented upon the demolished chimney-piece. He had a wife named Parbutta, who is the author of what the Hindoos call the *sixth raga*. Thirty raginis, a music of a feminine and inferior character, were dictated by Boimba. It was to these three devils or gods that was due the invention of the gamut, composed of twenty-one notes, which forms the basis of the music of India.

As we withdrew, three gentlemen in black coats, conducted by a turnkey, passed near us ; they were visitors. " Three new members of the Chamber of Deputies," M. Lebel informed me in a whisper. They had whiskers and high cravats, and spoke like Provincial academicians. They were lavish in expressions of admiration ; they were in ecstasies more particularly at the work which had been done in the way of embellishing the prison and making it suitable to the requirements of the police authorities.

One of them maintained that Paris was being prodigiously embellished, *thanks to the architects of taste who were modernizing (sic) the ancient buildings*; and he asserted that the Académie Française ought to make these Paris embellishments the subject of a prize competition in poetry. This set me thinking that M. Peyre has done for the Palais de Justice what M. Godde has done for Saint-Germain-des-Près, and M. Debret for Saint-Denis; and while M. Lebel was giving some instructions to the warders, I wrote with a pencil upon a pillar of the hall of the chimney-pieces these verses, which might be sent in for the competition if ever the Académie should set up the competition desired by these gentlemen, and which, I hope, would secure the prize :

*Un sizain vaut une longue ode
Pour chanter Debret, Peyre et Godde ;
L'oïson gloussant, l'âne qui brait,
Fêtent Godde, Peyre et Debret ;
Et le dindon, digne compère,
Admire Debret, Godde et Peyre.**

As M. Lebel turned round, I had finished. He conducted me to the outer door again, and I issued forth. As I went away, some one of a group of men in blouses at the back of me, who appeared to be waiting on the

* This might be rendered :

Six lines are worth a lengthy ode
To sing of Debret, Peyre, and Godde ;
The gosling's hiss, the donkey's bray,
Acclaim them all, Godde, Peyre, Debret ;
The turkey, too, a worthy mate,
Must worship this triumvirate.—*Translator's note.*

quay, said: "There is one of them who has been discharged. He is a lucky fellow."

It appears that I looked like a thief. However, I had spent two hours at the Conciergerie, the sitting of the Académie must still be going on, and I reflected, with much inward satisfaction, that if I had gone to it, I should not have been "discharged" thus early.

COUNT MORTIER.

November 11th.

YESTERDAY Chancellor Pasquier comes to the house of Mme. de Boignes, and finds her in great agitation, holding a letter in her hand. "What is the matter, madame?"—"This letter which I have received. Read it." The Chancellor took the letter; it was signed *Mortier*, and said in effect: "Madame, when you read this letter my two children and myself will no longer be alive."

It was Count Mortier, a Peer of France, and formerly an Ambassador, but where I cannot remember, who wrote. M. Pasquier was much concerned. M. Mortier was known as a confirmed hypochondriac. Four years ago, at Bruges, he ran after his wife, with a razor in his hand, with the intention of killing her. A month ago he made a similar attempt, which led to a separation by the terms of which M. Mortier retained the custody of the children, a little boy of seven years of age, and a little girl of five. His hypochondria was caused, it appears, by jealousy, and developed into uncontrollable passion.

The Chancellor sends for his carriage, and does not take a chair. "Where does M. Mortier live?"—"In the Rue Neuve Saint-Augustin, in the Hôtel Chatham," said Madame de Boignes.

M. Pasquier arrives at the Hôtel Chatham, he finds the staircase crowded, a Commissary of Police, a locksmith with his bunch of keys, the door barricaded. The alarm had been given. They were going to break open the door.

"I forbid you," said the Chancellor. "You would exasperate him; and if the mischief were not yet done, he would do it."

For some time, however, M. Mortier had not answered. There was nothing but a profound silence behind the door; a terrible silence, for it seemed that if the children were still living they should be crying. "It seemed," said the Chancellor, when he told me this to-day, "as if it was the door of a tomb."

The Chancellor called out his name :

"Count Mortier, it is I, M. Pasquier, the Chancellor, your colleague. You know my voice, do you not?"

To this a voice replied : "Yes."

It was the voice of M. Mortier.

The onlookers breathed again.

"Well," continued M. Pasquier, "you know me; open the door."

"No," replied the same voice. Then it obstinately refused to speak again. All was silence once more.

This happened several times. He replied, the dialogue continued, he refused to open, then he remained silent. Those outside trembled for fear that in these brief intervals of silence he might do the dreadful deed.

In the meantime, the Prefect of Police had arrived.

"It is I, your colleague, Delessert, and your old friend." (They were schoolfellows, I think.)

This parleying lasts for more than an hour. At length, he consents to open the door, provided they give him their word they will not enter. The word is given; he half opens the door; they go in.

He was in the anteroom, with an open razor in his hand; behind him was the inner door of his rooms, locked, and with the key removed. He appeared frenzied.

"If any one approaches me," he said, "there will be an end of him and me. I will remain alone with Delessert and speak to him; I consent to that."

A risky conversation this, with a furious man armed with a razor. M. Delessert, who behaved bravely, asked everyone else to withdraw, remained alone with M. Mortier, and after a refusal, which lasted for a space of twenty minutes, persuaded him to put down the razor.

Once disarmed, he was secured.

But were the children dead or living? It was terrible to reflect upon. To all questions on the subject he replied:

"It is nothing to do with you."

The inner door is broken open, and what is found at the further end of the rooms? The two children crouching under the furniture.

This is what had happened.

In the morning, M. Mortier said to his children: "I am very unhappy. You love me and I love you. I am going to die. Will you die with me?"

The little boy said resolutely:

"No, papa."

As for the little girl, she hesitated. In order to persuade her, the father passed the back of the razor gently round her neck, and said to her :

“ There, my dear, it will not hurt you any more than that.”

“ Well, then, papa,” said the child, “ I do not mind dying.”

The father goes out, probably to fetch a second razor. Directly he goes out, the little boy rushes to the key, lays hold of it, shuts the door, and locks it twice on the inside.

Then he takes his sister to the furthest end of the rooms and gets under the furniture with her.

The doctors declared that Count Mortier was a melancholy and dangerous madman. He was taken to a madhouse.

He had a mania, in fact, for razors. When he was seized, he was searched ; besides that which he had in his hand, one was found in each of his pockets.

On the same day the news arrived in Paris that my colleague, Count Bresson, had cut his throat at Naples, where he had recently been appointed Ambassador.

This was a grief to us all, and a great surprise. From a mere worldly point of view, Count Bresson wanted nothing. He was a Peer of France, an Ambassador, a Grand Cross of the Legion of Honour. His son had lately been created a Duke in Spain. As an Ambassador, he had a salary of two hundred thousand francs a year. He was an earnest, kindly, gentle, intelligent, sensible man, very rational in everything, of high

stature, with broad shoulders, a good square face, and at fifty-five years of age looked only forty; he had wealth, greatness, dignity, intelligence, health, and was fortunate in private as in public life. He killed himself.

Nourrit also went to Naples and killed himself.

Is it the climate? Is it the marvellous sky?

Spleen is engendered just as much under a blue sky as under a gloomy sky. More so perhaps.

As the life of even the most prosperous man is always in reality more sad than gay, a gloomy sky is in harmony with ourselves. A brilliant and joyous sky mocks us. Nature in its sad aspects resembles us and consoles us: nature, when radiant, impassive, serene, magnificent, transplendent, young while we grow old, smiling when we are sighing, superb, inaccessible, eternal, contented, calm in its joyousness, has in it something oppressive.

By dint of contemplating the sky,—ruthless, unrelenting, indifferent, and sublime,—one takes a razor and makes an end of it!

December 1st.

In the new hall for private meetings at the Académie, the statue of Racine has been placed in a corner, and the statue of Corneille in the centre, behind the President's chair.

Formerly it was Racine who was in the centre and Corneille in the corner. This is a step in the right direction. Another demolition, another reconstruction,

and it will be Molière who will be put in the place of honour.

December 18th.

Reception at M. Guizot's.

M. Guizot's aged mother is eighty-four or eighty-five years old. She attends the evening gatherings, seating herself in the corner by the fire-place, and wearing a chemisette and a black cap amidst all the laces and the stars and ribbons. In this room of velvet and gold one would think she must be an apparition from the Cevennes. M. Guizot said to her one day: "Do you remember, mother, the time when your grandmother spoke to us of the dragoons who pursued her in the mountains and of the bullets which pierced her clothes?"

At the period of M. Guizot's birth, '89 had not yet restored to Protestants their civil rights. They were outlawed. M. Guizot was thus legally a bastard when he was born. He was inscribed in no register when he came into the world, and would be unable to prove his French nationality.

M. Guizot came up during the evening to a group of which I happened to make one, and said to me:

M. GUIZOT: "Well, we are going to begin the struggles once more."

I: "You do not fear anything in our Chamber?"

M. GUIZOT: "No. The Opposition intimates to me that it will not harass me much, excepting M. de Boissy, who has not informed me beforehand of what he

intends to do at all. M. de Montalembert will speak about Cracow. But we shall have a paragraph in the Speech from the Throne, which I hope will leave nothing to be said."

I: "And you will be quite right. As for myself, my opinion is this. If the Chamber had been sitting at the time of the Cracow affair, I should have spoken and I should have said: I ask permission to congratulate France. To get rid of Cracow is to restore to us the Rhine. The treaties of 1815 no longer exist. Those treaties were made against us, they are violated against us, they will be violated again against us; the final violation will be for us to make. I congratulate France, and I glorify Poland."

VISCOUNT DE FLAVIGNY: "That may be. But is it not a misfortune that some governments . . ."

M. DE LAGRENÉE: "Monarchical governments!"

M. DE FLAVIGNY: "... set the example of the infraction of treaties and the violation of international law!"

I: "It is nothing new. M. Guizot, who is a great historian, knows better than we do that nothing is more frequent in the history of Europe. All governments have from time to time violated every law, beginning with the law of nations. Cannon were called the *ultima ratio*. Who has might has right; that was the maxim. The little were devoured by the great; the fowls eaten by the foxes; the foxes eaten by the wolves; the wolves eaten by the lions: that was the practice. That which is new is the respect for law. It is the glory of the civilization of the nineteenth century to wish the weak to

be respected by the strong, and to rank eternal morality higher than pikes and muskets. The three Powers which have destroyed Cracow have committed a blunder, not because they have violated the tradition of past centuries, but because they have outraged the spirit of the time."

M. GUIZOT: "Just so."

M. DE FLAVIGNY: "But the history of the Popes then . . ."

I: "The history of the Popes is better than the history of Kings, but it has also its dark spots. Popes themselves have also been false to their word and violated their plighted faith."

M. GUIZOT (*laughing*): "Oh! do not let us say any harm of the Papacy just now. There is a Pope whom I esteem, and for whom I have a warm regard."

I: "Granted. But the preceding one, Gregory XVI.! As for Pius IX., I am also among those who live in hopes."

M. GUIZOT: "I esteem him because he appreciates and invites advice, because he asks for one's opinion, although judging rationally for himself afterwards; because he wishes to do what is right, seeks it, and often discovers it. I esteem him because he concedes gracefully, and with a goodwill, that which is just. I esteem him because he knows also how to say: '*I will never do that.*' He has gentleness and firmness."

I: "If Pius IX. likes, he may become the most powerful sovereign in Europe. No one realizes what a Pope might become. A Pope who would follow the drift of his times might govern and might move the world."

He has so enormous a lever—faith, the conscience, the mind! Every soul is a mine ready to be fired by the spark which would flash from such a Pope. What a conflagration, if it pleased him! What a coruscation, if he so willed it!”

1847.

January 6th.

THE Marquis of Normanby, the English Ambassador, said to me yesterday: "When the secret history of the Cracow affair is known, it will be known that Russia said to Austria, 'Take Cracow, will you?'—'No.'—'Well, then, I will take it.' Austria yielded." "Then," I said, "her audacity is obedience, her violence cowardice, her usurpation an abdication." Lord Normanby is a man of about fifty years of age, tall, fair, with a pronounced English look, elegant, graceful, high bred, good-natured, and dandyish. He has been Viceroy of Ireland and Home Secretary in England. He is the author of two or three novels of *high-life*. He wears a blue ribbon over his white tie, and a diamond star upon his dress-coat. He speaks French with difficulty but with humour.

Lord Normanby spoke to me of O'Connell, who, in 1847, is beginning to break up. His seventy-three years weigh him down, notwithstanding his tall figure and wide shoulders. This man, of such violent and bitter eloquence, is in a drawing-room obsequious, full of compliments, modest to humility, mild to affectation. Lord Normanby said to me: "O'Connell is affected."

O'Connell has in County Kerry an old ancestral hall,

where he goes to shoot for two months in the year, receiving guests and entertaining them like an old county gentleman,* keeping up, Lord Normanby also told me, a *savage hospitality*.

His eloquence adapted to the masses and to Ireland, had little influence upon the Commons of England. However, he had during his life two or three great successes in Parliament. But the platform suited him better than the tribune.

January, 14th.

Yesterday, Thursday, I dined at the house of M. de Salvandy, Minister of Public Instruction. There were present, Lord Normanby, British Ambassador; the Duke de Caraman, a young nobleman, intelligent and artless, much occupied in philosophic studies; Dupin, the elder, with his rough *bourgeois* air; M. de Rémusat, the eight days old Academician, a keen and well-balanced mind; M. Gay-Lussac, the chemist, whom fame has made a Peer of France, and to whom nature has given the face of a worthy peasant; the other chemist, M. Dumas, a man of talent, his hair rather too elaborately curled, and displaying very prominently the ribbon of a Commander of the Legion of Honour; Sainte-Beuve, bald and little; Alfred de Musset, with his youthful hair, his fair beard, his equivocal opinions, and his intellectual countenance; M. Ponsard, a man of thirty-two years of age, with strange-looking features, large dull eyes, rather narrow forehead,

* In the original "*lord campagnard*."—Translator's note.

the whole in a framework of black beard and black hair, a hero of the shop-girls, a great poet to the *bourgeois*; M. Michel Chevalier, with his close-cropped head, his receding forehead, his bird-like profile, and his spare figure; Alfred de Vigny, another fair man with a bird-like profile but with long hair; Viennet, with his grimace; Scribe, with his peaceful air, rather anxious about a piece of his which was being played the same evening at the Gymnase, and which failed; Dupaty, sad after his fall of the 7th at the sitting of the Académie; Montalembert, with his long hair and English appearance, mild and disdainful; Philippe de Ségur, a light and lively talker, with an aquiline nose, deep-sunk eyes, grey hair, combed in imitation of the Emperor; Generals Fabvier and Rapatel, in full uniform,—Rapatel with his round, homely face, Fabvier with his flat-nosed lion's face; Mignet, smiling and cold; Gustave de Beaumont, with dark, firm and energetic face; Halévy, always timid; the astronomer Leverrier, rather red-faced; Vitet, with his tall figure and his smile, which is amiable, although it lays bare his teeth; M. Victor Leclerc, the candidate for the Académie, who had that morning been rejected; Ingres, the table rising to his chin, so that his white tie and his Commander's ribbon seemed to come from under the table-cloth; Pradier, with his long hair and his air of a man of forty at sixty years of age; Auber, with his head on one side, his polite manners, and his two crosses at his button-hole.

I sat beside Lord Normanby, who is a very amiable man, although the Ambassador of ill-humour; I called his attention to the end of the table thus composed:

Ingres, Pradier, Auber; painting, sculpture, and music.

Mme. de Salvandy had Lord Normanby on her right, and M. Gay-Lussac on her left; M. de Salvandy had on his right M. Dupin, and on his left, M. de Rémusat.

February 5th.

Yesterday, I was at the Tuileries. There was a representation there. After the opera, every one went into the side-rooms in which the buffet was placed, and began to converse.

M. Guizot had made during the day in the Chamber of Deputies, a very noble, very fine, and very spirited speech about our budding dispute with England. This speech was much spoken of. Some approved, others condemned. Baron de Billing passed close to me, with a lady whom I could not see on his arm.

"Good evening," he said. "What do you think of the speech?" I replied: "I am pleased with it. I like to see that we are at length holding up our heads again in this country. It is said that this boldness is imprudent, but I do not think so. The best way not to have a war is to show that one does not fear it. See how England gave in to the United States two years ago; she will give in in the same way to France. Let us be firm, others will be gentle; if we are gentle, others will be insolent."

At this moment the lady to whom he was giving his

arm turned towards me, and I recognized the wife of the English ambassador. She looked very displeased. She said :

“ Oh, Monsieur ! ”

I replied :

“ Ah, Madame ! ”

And the war ended there. God send that that may be the only interchange of words between the Queen of England and the King of France !

Saturday, February 20th.

Opening of the Théâtre-Historique. I came out from it at half-past three in the morning.

March 21st.

Mdlle. Mars was the only person represented in the statuary of the porch of the Théâtre-Historique.

Mdlle. d'A . . . hearing this, said :

“ This places her in the list of the dead ; she has not long to live.”

Mdlle. Mars died on the 20th of March, a month to a day after the opening of the Théâtre-Historique. She was sixty-nine years of age ; two years older than Mdlle. Georges. Mdlle. Mars was fifty-two years old when she first performed her original part of Dona Sol, a character supposed to be seventeen.

She leaves a son, in the banking house of Edward. No letters announcing the decease, owing to the difficulty of putting :

“ Mademoiselle Mars is dead. Her son has the honour to inform you of the fact.”

March 26th.

I have been at the burial of Mlle. Mars. I arrived at twelve o'clock. The hearse was already at the Madeleine. There was an immense crowd, and the most brilliant sun imaginable. It was the day of the flower-market in the square outside the church. I penetrated with considerable difficulty as far as the steps, but there it was impossible to go any further; the only door was crowded: no one could get in. I saw in the dark interior of the church, through the dazzling light of midday, the ruddy stars of the wax-tapers stuck round a tall catafalque. The paintings on the ceiling formed a mystic background.

I heard the funeral chant, the sound of which reached as far as where I stood, and all round me the remarks and shouts of the crowd. Nothing is so sad as a burial: one sees only people who are laughing. Every one gaily accosts his neighbour and talks of his concerns.

The church and the front gate are hung with black drapery, with an escutcheon of silver lace, containing the letter "M." I approached the hearse, which was of black velvet with silver-lace ornamentation, with the same letter "M." A few tufts of black feathers had been thrown upon the place intended for the coffin.

The people of Paris are like the people of Athens—frivolous but intelligent. There were men in blouses there, with their sleeves tucked up, who said some true and forcible things upon the stage, upon art, upon the poets. They sought and distinguished in the crowd men

whose names are famous. These people must have glory. When there is no Marengo or Austerlitz, they love and must have their Dumas, and their Lamartines. These are like a light towards which all eyes are eagerly directed.

I remained under the 'peristyle, sheltered from the sun by a column. One or two poets came and joined me and stood round me,—Joseph Autran, Adolphe Dumas, Auguste Maquet. Alexandre Dumas came over to us with his son. The crowd recognized him by his thick head of hair, and called out his name.

Towards one o'clock the body came out of the church, together with all the people. Remarks broke forth from among those outside:

"Ah, there is Bouffé!"

"But where is Arnal?"

"Here he is."

"Hu! ha, those men in black are the *sociétaires* of the Théâtre-Français!"

"The Théâtre-Français has come to its own burial."

"Look at Frédéric-Lemaître; he is giving his arm to Clarisse Miroy."

"Yes, and Rachel over there, gives her arm to M^{de}. Doche."

"There are some ladies — M^{de}. Volnys, M^{de}. Guyon, Rose Chéri."

"This one is Déjazet; she is no longer young; this ought to make her reflect," &c., &c.

The hearse began to move off, and we all followed on foot. In our rear came some ten mourning carriages and a few open carriages with some actresses inside.

them. There were quite ten thousand persons on foot. They formed a dark wave which appeared to push forward the hearse, jolting its immense black plumes.

On both sides of the boulevard there was another mob, forming a hedge. Women in red bonnets sat upon a kind of step formed by the pavements, smiling; the balconies were crowded with people. Towards the Porte Saint-Martin I left the procession and went away musing.

FÊTE AT THE DUKE DE MONTPENSIER'S.

July 6th.

M. DE MONTPENSIER gave a fête this evening in the Parc des Minimes, in the Forest of Vincennes.

It was splendid and delightful. The *fête* cost the Prince two hundred thousand francs. In the Forest had been erected a multitude of tents, borrowed from the government repository and the French Museum of Arms, some of which were historical. This alone cost ten thousand francs. There were the tent of the Emperor of Morocco, taken at the Battle of Isly, and exhibited three years previously at the Tuileries upon a wooden platform constructed inside the big fountain; the tent of Abd-el-Kader, taken with the Smala,* very handsome, with red and yellow arabesques embroidered in satin; another tent of the Bey of Constantine, of a wonderfully elegant shape; and, finally, the tent given to Napoleon by the Sultan Selim.

The latter eclipsed all the others. From the outside it appeared like an ordinary tent, remarkable only for

* An assemblage of tents belonging to an Arab chief.—*Translator's note.*

having in the canvas little windows, of which the frames were of rope; three windows on each side. The inside was superb. The visitor found himself inside a great chest of gold brocade; upon this brocade were flowers and a thousand fancy devices. On looking closely into the cords of the windows, one discovered that they were of the most magnificent gold and silver lace; each window had its awning of gold brocade; the inner lining of the tent was of silk, with large red-and-blue stripes. If I had been Napoleon, I should have liked to place my iron bed in this tent of gold and flowers, and to sleep in it on the eve of Wagram, Jena, and Friedland.

These splendid tents were disfigured by fearful mahogany furniture, rather sparingly placed in them.

M. de Montpensier received his guests with much cheerfulness and grace.

Dancing took place in an immense *marquee*, where the princesses remained. They were all there, with the exception of the Duchess of Orleans. The Duke d'Aumale came back from Brussels on purpose to take part in the fête.

Queen Maria Christina was there with her daughter, Madame de Montpensier. The *Reyna gobernadora* has some remains of beauty, but she is too stout and her hair is quite grey.

The tables were laid out under some other tents; there were ample refreshments, and buffets everywhere. The guests, while numbering more than four thousand, were neither crowded nor few and far between. Nowhere was there a crush. There were not enough ladies.

The fête had a splendid military character. Two

enormous cannon of the time of Louis XIV. formed the pillars of the entrance. The artillery soldiers of Vincennes had constructed here and there columns of pikes with pistols for chapters.

The principal avenue of the Park was illuminated with coloured glass lamps ; one might imagine that the emerald and ruby necklaces of the wood-nymphs were to be seen among the trees. Sap-matches burned in the hedges and cast their glimmering over the Forest. There were three tall poplar-trees illuminated against the dark sky in a fantastic manner, which created much surprise. The branches and leaves were wafted in the wind amidst a brilliant scenic display of lights.

Along each side of the great avenue was a row of Gothic panoplies from the Artillery Museum : some leaning against the oaks and the lime-trees, others erect and with the visor shut, seated upon dummy steeds, with caparisons and coats-of-arms, with trappings and dazzling chamfrons. These steel statues, masked and motionless in the midst of the rejoicings, and covered with flashes and streams of light, had something dazzling and sinister in their appearance. Quadrilles were danced to vocal music. Nothing more charming could be conceived than these youthful voices singing melodies among the trees in soft, deep tones ; one might have fancied the guests to be enchanted knights, tarrying for ever in this wood to listen to the song of fairies.

Everywhere in the trees were suspended coloured lanterns, presenting the appearance of luminous oranges. Nothing stranger could be imagined than this illuminated fruit appearing suddenly upon the branches.

From time to time trumpet-blasts drowned in triumphant tones the buzz of the festivities.

At the end of the avenue the artillerymen had suspended a great star of the Legion of Honour, constructed of ramrods. They had arranged in the hedges, in the form of benches and chairs, mounds of bullets, Paixhan mortars and howitzers. Two enormous siege-pieces guarded the cross of honour. Beneath it were busts of the King and Queen.

Amidst all this moved immense throngs of people, amongst whom I saw Auber, Alfred de Vigny, Alexandre Dumas with his son, Taylor, Théophile Gautier, Thiers, Guizot, Rothschild, Count Daru, President Franck-Carré, Generals Gourgaud, Lagrange, Saint-Yon, the Duke De Fézensac, Hébert, Keeper of the Seals, the Prince and Princess de Craon, Lord Normanby, Narvaez, Duke de Valence, and a host of peers and ambassadors, &c., &c. The dust was terrible.

Two Arabs in white burnooses were there, the Cadi of Constantine and Bou-Maza. Bou-Maza has fine eyes but an ugly look, a well-shaped mouth but a dreadful smile: it is treacherous and ferocious; there is in this man something of the fox and the tiger. I thought, however, that he had a tolerably fine expression in his face at a moment when, thinking there was no one near him in the Forest, he went up to the tent of Abd-el-Kader and stood looking at it. He appeared to be saying to it:

“What are you doing here?”

Bou-Maza is young: he appears about twenty-five years of age.

Towards one o'clock in the morning some fireworks

were let off, and the Forest was illuminated with Bengal lights. Then supper was served at the table of the Princesses; all the ladies sat down to supper, the gentlemen remaining standing. Afterwards, dancing was resumed.

I regret not having been able to remain to the end. I should have liked to see appear athwart the dark branches, amidst this festivity about to be extinguished, some of those waning lights, those expiring illuminations, those wearied dancers, those women covered with flowers, diamonds, and dust, those pale faces, those drooping eyelids, those rumpled dresses, that gleam of daylight, so pale and dismal.

However, I think, I know not why, that this fête will be remembered; it has left a certain uneasy feeling in my mind. For a fortnight previously it had been talked about, and had formed an important subject of conversation to the people of Paris. Yesterday, from the Tuileries to the Barrière du Trône, a triple hedge of onlookers lined the quays, the streets, and the Faubourg Saint-Antoine as the carriages of the guests passed by. At frequent intervals this crowd hurled at the gilded and bedizened passengers in their carriages shouts of disgust and hate. It was like a mist of hatred amidst this splendour.

Everyone on his return related what had befallen him. Louis Boulanger and Achard had been hooted; the carriage of Tony Johannot had been spat into; mud and dirt had been thrown into the open carriage of General Narvaez. Théophile Gautier, so calm and impassive, so

Turk-like in his resignation, was rendered quite thoughtful and gloomy by the occurrence.

It would not seem, however, that this grand display had anything impolitic in it, or that it should have proved unpopular. On the contrary, the Duke de Montpensier, in spending two hundred thousand francs, must have caused the expenditure of a million. That makes, in this time of distress, a sum of twelve hundred thousand francs put in circulation for the benefit of the people; they ought to be gratified. Well, it is not so. Luxury is necessary to great States and to great civilizations, but there are times when the people must not see it.

But what is luxury which is not seen? This is a problem. Magnificence in the background, profusion in obscurity, a display which does not show itself, a splendour which dazzles no one's eyes; is this possible? This must be taken into consideration, however. When the people have luxury paraded before them in days of dearth and distress, their mind, which is that of a child, jumps to a number of conclusions at once; they do not say to themselves that this luxury enables them to get a living, that this luxury is useful to them, that this luxury is necessary to them; they say to themselves that they are suffering and that these people rejoice; they ask why all these things are not theirs, they examine these things not at the light of their poverty which requires work and consequently rich people, but by the light of their envy. Do not suppose that they will conclude from that: Well, this will give us so many weeks' wages and so many good days' employment. No; they, too, want not the work, not the wages, but leisure, enjoyment, carriages, horses,

lackeys, Duchesses! It is not bread they require, but luxury. They stretch out their trembling hands towards these shining realities which would vanish into thin air if they were to grasp them. The day on which the distress of the many seizes upon the riches of the few, darkness reigns, there is nothing left, nothing for anybody. This is full of perils. When the crowd looks with these eyes upon the rich, it is not ideas which occupy every mind, it is events.

That which specially irritates the people is the luxury of Princes and young men; it is, in fact, only too evident that the first have not experienced the necessity, and that the others have not had the time, to earn it. This seems unjust, and exasperates them; they do not reflect that the inequalities of this life prove the equality of the next.

Equilibrium; equity, these are the two aspects of the law of God. He shows us the first aspect in the world of matter and of the body; He will show us the second in the world of souls.

END OF VOL. I.

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